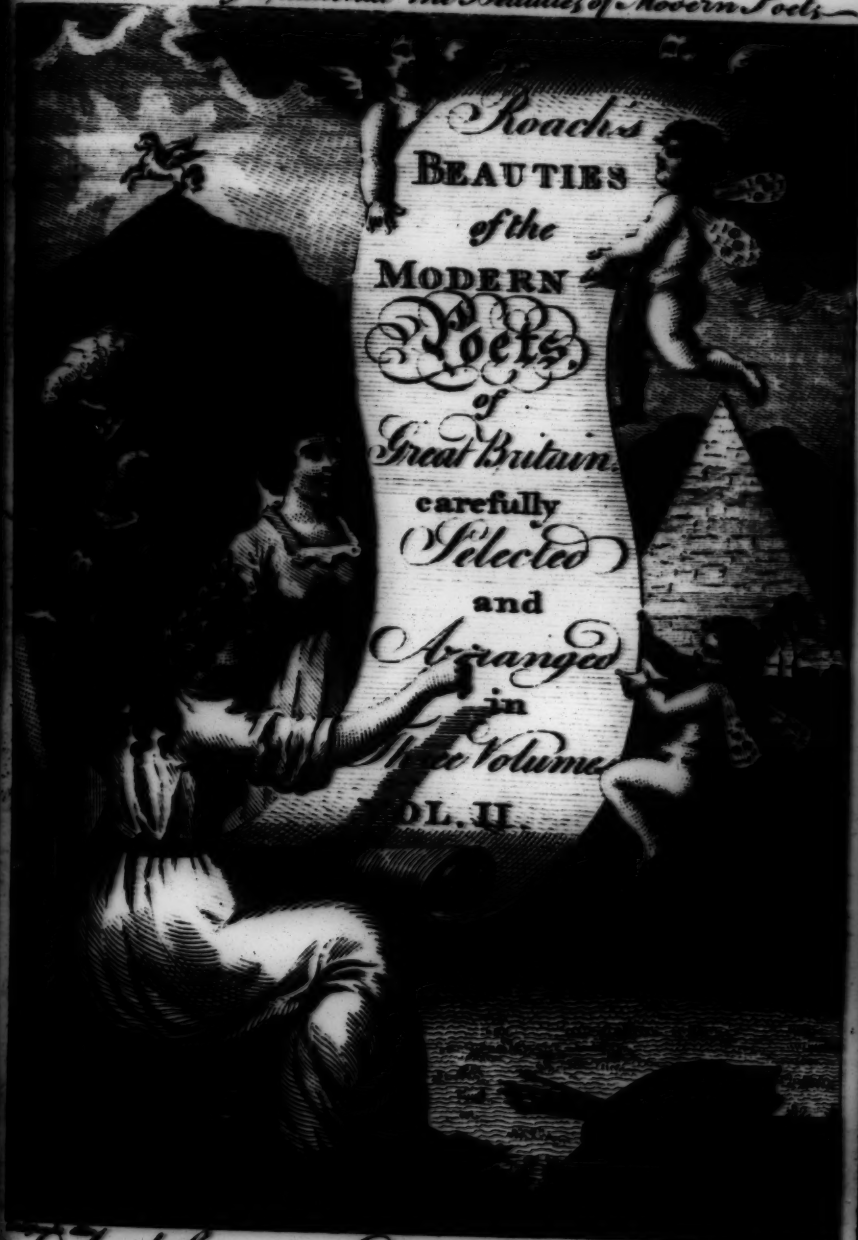


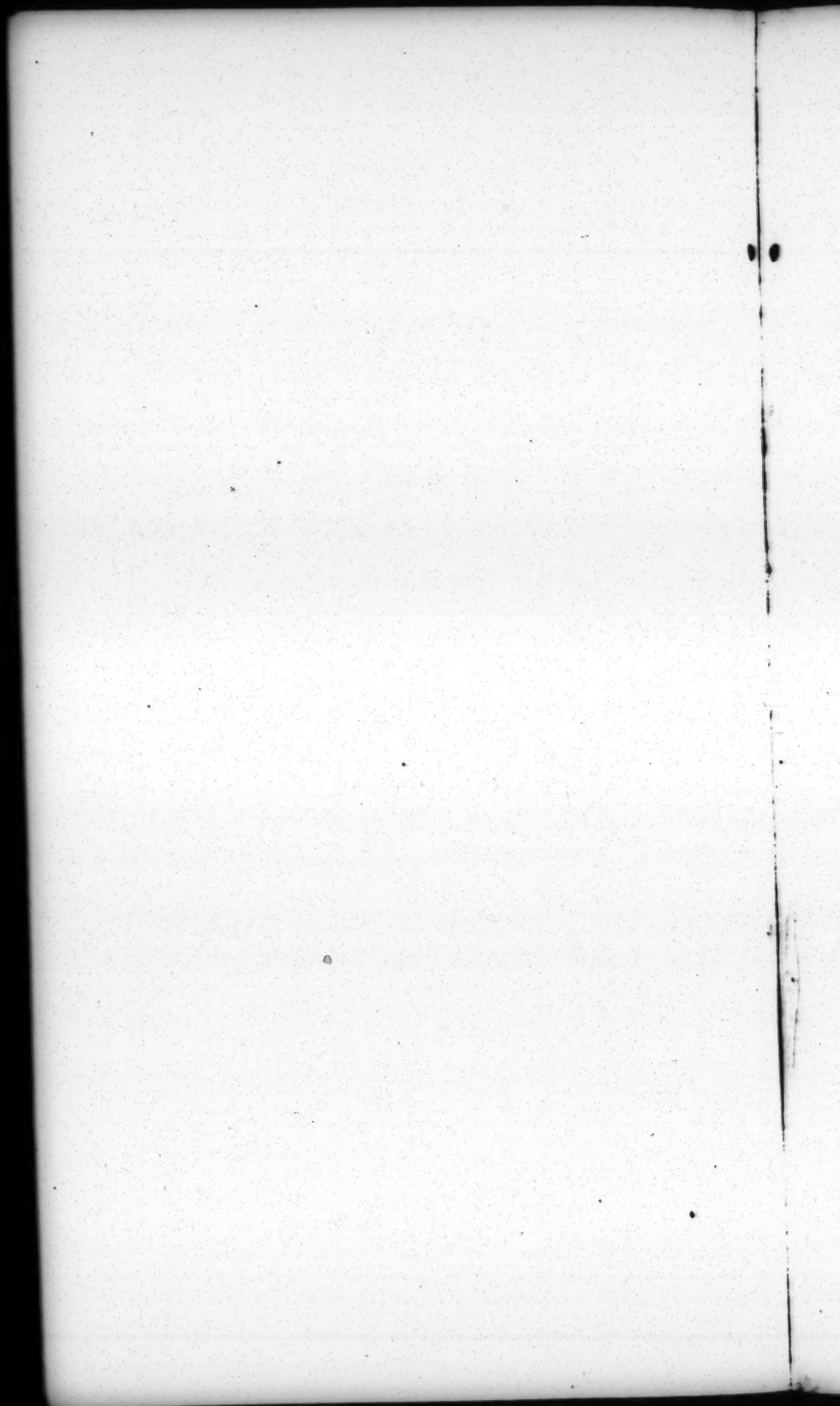
Taste shewing Britannia the Beauties of Modern Poets



*And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;*
Goldsmith.

LONDON.

Printed by and for J Roach Russell Court opposite to the
Pitt Door of the New Theatre Royal Drury Lane. 1793.





Completed by the artist
 So, the poor Indian whose untutor'd mind
Completed by the artist
 sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;

Published as the Act directs by J Roach Russell Court opposite
 the Pitt Door of New Drury Theatre Royal Nov 30. 1793.

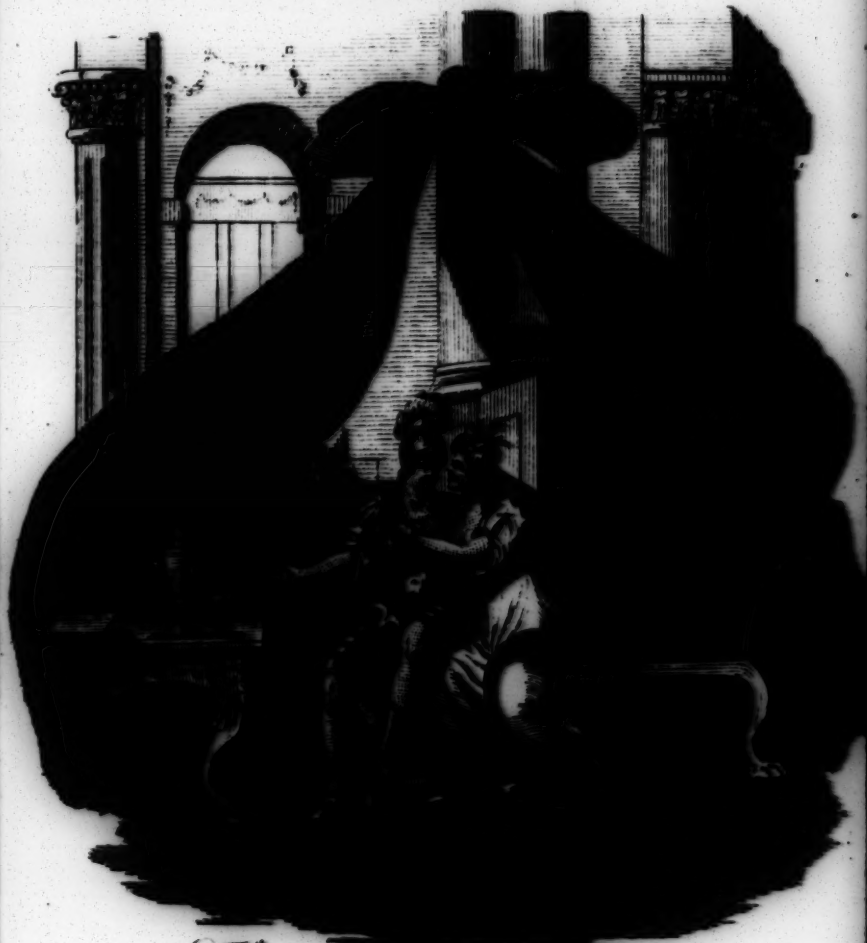
AN
ESSAY ON MAN.

By Alexander Pope Esq.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

By John Dryden.

&c &c



*The mighty master smiles to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.*

LONDON.

Printed by & for J Roach Ruford Court Drury Lane 1793.
Price Sixpence.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T,

BY THE EDITOR.

THE ESSAY ON MAN, to use the Author's own words, is a *perfect System of Ethics*; in which definition he included religion: for he was far from that opinion of the writer of the *Characteristicks*, that morality could long support itself, or have even a real existence, without even a reference to the Deity. Hence it is that the first Epistle regards man with respect to the Lord and Governor of the universe; as the second with respect to himself; the third to society; and the fourth to happiness. Having therefore formed and finished his *Essay* in this view, he was much mortified whenever he found it considered it in any other; or as a part and introduction only to a larger work. As appears from the conclusion of his second dialogue, intitled M D C C X X X V I I I, where he makes his impertinent adviser say,

Alas ! Alas ! pray end what you began,

And write, next winter, more Essays on Man ;

which a MS. note of his thus explains: 'The Author undoubtedly meant this as a sarcasm on the ignorance of those friends of his, who were daily pestering him for more *Essays on Man*, as not seeing that the four Epistles he had published entirely compleated that subject.' But it must be owned, that the public, by the great and continued
Vol. II. 5. A demand

demand for his *Essay*, sufficiently freed itself from this imputation of wrong judgment. And how great and continued that demand has been, appears from the vast variety of pirated and imperfect editions continually obtruded on the world, ever since the first publication of the Poem; and which no repeated prosecutions of the offenders have been able totally to restrain.

These were the considerations which have now induced the Proprietors to give one perfect edition of the *Essay on Man*, from Mr. Pope's last corrections and improvements; that the public may from henceforth be supplied with this Poem alone, in a manner suitable to its dignity, and to the honest intention of its great Author.

Concerning the UNIVERSAL PRAYER, which concludes the *Essay*, it may be proper to observe, that, some passages in the *Essay* having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, the Author composed that prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety: that the first cause was as well the Lord and Governor as the Creator of the Universe; and that by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the *Essay*) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along with a blind determination; but a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight and reality the Poet chose for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which of all others best deserves the title prefixed to his paraphrase.

T H E
D E S I G N.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to men's business and bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his *nature*, and his *state*: since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: there are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body: more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts; than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last; and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite; in passing over terms utterly unintelligible; and in forming a *temperate*, yet not *inconsistent*: and a *short*, yet not *imperfect* system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons: the one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself, and nothing is truer than that much of the *force*, as well as *grace*, of arguments or instructions depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these, without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I make any progress) will be less dry and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage: to deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course. and to observe their effects, would be a task more agreeable.

A N

E S S A Y O N M A N .

By *ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.*

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN ! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot ;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise ;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first. of God above or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know ?

Of man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer ?
 'Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draw's all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

II. Presumptuous man ! the reason wouldst thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess.
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less.
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ?
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;

Then

Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man :
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
 In God's, one single can its end produce ;
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 See man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
 When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God :
 Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
 His actions, passions, beings use and end ;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault :
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought :
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there ?

The blest to-day is as comp'eatly so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
Or who could suffer Being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now. —
Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest :
'The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expitiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way ;

Yet

Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire ;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou ! and, in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
 Say, Here he gives too little, there too much ;
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
 If man alone ingross not heav'n's high care.
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
 In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, men rebel :
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, 'tis for mine,

- ' For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
- ' Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
- ' Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
- ' The juice nectarious, and the balmy dew;
- ' For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
- ' For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
- ' Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
- ' My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.'

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

- ' No ('tis reply'd), the first Almighty Cause
- ' Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
- ' Th' exceptions few; some change since all began.
- ' And what created perfect?—Why then man?

If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less!

As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires:
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;

Pours

Pours fresh ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?
 From pride, from pride our very reas'ning springs ;
 Account for moral. as for natural things ;
 Why charge we heav'n in those, in these acquit ?
 In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for *us*, perhaps, it might appear,
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind ;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But ALL subsists by elemental strife * ;
 And passions are the elements of life.
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
 Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man ? Now upward will he soar,
 And little less than Angel, would be more ?
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use, all creatures if he call.
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all :
 Nature to these, without profusion kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ;
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force :
 All in exact proportion to the state ;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each

* See this subject extended in Ep. ii. from ver. 90
 to 112, 155, &c.

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
 Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone ?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all ?
 The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ?
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill ?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends :
 Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass :
 What modes of fight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :

Of

Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green :
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood ?
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew ?
 How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine !
 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier ?
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near !
 Remembrance and reflection how ally'd ;
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide ?
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
 Without this just gradations could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one ?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go !
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of Being ! which from God began,
 Natures etherial, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee,

From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours :
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
 From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky ;
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their center nod,
 And nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom ? for thee ?
 Vile worm !—oh madness ! pride ! impiety !

IX, What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind:
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame :
 Just as absurd. to mourn the tasks or pains
 The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same ;
 Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame ;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns :
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee,
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony, not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

EPISTLE II.

I. **K** NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.

Plac'd in this isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great :
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast ;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;
Alike in ignorance his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much ;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wond'rous creature ! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun ;
Go, soar with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;

Or

Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod;
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
 Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
 Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?
 Alas, what wonder! man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
 First strip off all her equipage of pride;
 Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
 Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts;
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the time to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign ;
 Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain ;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
 Each works its end, to move or govern all :
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end :
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires :
 Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
 Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh :
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
 That sees immediate good by present sense ;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to reason still attend.
 Attention, habit and experience gains ;
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.

Let

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite ;
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same,
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
 But greedy That, its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r ;
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call :

'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
 But since not every good we can divide,
 And reason bids us for our own provide ;
 Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
 List under reason, and deserve her care ;
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
 Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
 But strength of mind is exercise not rest :
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail ;
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;

Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storms, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
These, 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes man, can man destroy ?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise :
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On different senses different objects strike ;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame ;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength :

So,

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came ;
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse ;
 Wit, spirit, faculties but make it worse ;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r ;
 As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway.
 In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey ;
 Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
 What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
 Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
 The choice we make, or justify it made ;
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong.
 So, when small humours gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard ;

'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe :
 A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
 And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends :
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ;
 Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence ;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' eternal art educing good from ill,
 Grafts on this passion our best principle :
 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted learn to bear ;
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild nature's vigor working at the root.
 What corps of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
 I ust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;

Envy

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Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female^c can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd :
Reason the bias turns from good to ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use ;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen ;

Yet

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed :
 Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he ;
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' extrem:, but all in the degree :
 The rogue and fool, by fits is fair and wise ;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
 For, vice or virtue, self directs it still ;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ;
 But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the Whole.
 That counterworks each folly and caprice ;
 That disappoints th' effects of ev'ry vice ;
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd ;
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride.
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :
 That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise ;

And

And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more :
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before
 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
 Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
 Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
 And each vacuity of sense by pride :
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy ;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a vanity is given in vain :
 Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
 'Tis this, Tho' man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest: ' The Universal Cause
 ' Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.'
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth*,

Let

* *Because wealth pretends to be wisdom, wit, learning, honesty, and, in short, all the virtues in their turns.*

Let this great truth be present night and day :
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world, behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.

See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one center still, the gen'ral good.

See dying vegetables life sustain;
See life dissolving vegetate again :

All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;
All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good.
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn :
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note,
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer ;
 The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.
 Know, nature's children all divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While man exclaims, ' See all things for my use !
 ' See man for mine ! ' replies a pamper'd goose :
 And just as short of reason *he* must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul ;
 Be man the wit, and tyrant of the whole :
 Nature that tyrant checks ; *he* only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?
 Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods :
 For some h's int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride :

All

All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury,
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, and the savage saves ;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, 'till he ends the being, makes it blest ;
 Which sees no more the stroke, nor feels the pain,
 Than favor'd man by touch ethereal slain.

The creature had his feast of life before ;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er !

To each unthinking being, heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
 To man imparts it ; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too ;
 The hour conceal'd and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle ! that heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best :
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside ?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
 But honest instinct comes a volunteer,

Sure ne'er to o'er-shoot, but just to hit ;
 While still too wide or short is human wit ;
 Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier reason labours at in vain
 This too serves always, reason never long ;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong,
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
 One in their nature, which are two in ours ;
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to chuse their food ;
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as Demoiure, without rule or line ?
 Who bid the flock, Columbus-like, explore
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before ?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

III. God, in the nature of each being, sounds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds :
 But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness :
 So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
 Where'er of life all quick'ning æther keeps,
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,

Or

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;
 They love themselves a third time in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend ;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care,
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race.
 A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands ;
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love ;
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those :
 The last scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from their life began :
 Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;

While

While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod ;
The state of nature was the reign of God :
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not ; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade :
The same his table, and the same his bed ;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, flood the blameless priest :
Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising flow to art !
To copy instinct then was reason's part ;
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake—
Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :

Learn

- ‘ Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
- ‘ Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
- ‘ Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
- ‘ Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
- ‘ Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
- ‘ Spread the thin oar, or catch the driving gale.
- ‘ Here too all forms of social union find,
- ‘ And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind :
- ‘ Here subterranean works and cities see ;
- ‘ There towns *aërial* on the waving tree.
- ‘ Learn each small people’s genius, policies,
- ‘ The Ant’s republic, and the realm of Bees :
- ‘ How those in common all their wealth bestow,
- ‘ And Anarchy without confusion know ;
- ‘ And these for ever, tho’ a Monarch reign,
- ‘ Their sep’rate cells and properties maintain.
- ‘ Mark what unvary’d laws preserve each state,
- ‘ Laws wise as nature, and as fix’d as fate.
- ‘ In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
- ‘ Entangle justice in her net of law,
- ‘ And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
- ‘ Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
- ‘ Yet go ! and thus o’er all the creatures sway,
- ‘ Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
- ‘ And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
- ‘ Be crown’d as monarchs, or as Gods ador’d.’

V. Great nature spoke ; observant man obey’d ;
 Cities were built, societies were made :

Here

Here rose' one little state ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
 What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse, and love mankind might strongly draw,
 When love was liberty and nature law*,
 Thus states were form'd ; the name of king unknown,
 Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
 The same which in a fire, the sons obey'd,
 A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sat,
 King, priest, and parent of his growing state ;
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
 Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,
 Or fetch the *aerial* eagle to the ground.

Till

* That is, when men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governor by civil passions ; the love which each master of a family had for those under his care being their best security.

Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man :
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
 One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
 Or plain tradition, that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son ;
 The Worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple reason never sought but one :
 Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,*
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was wright ;
 To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father when he own'd God.
 Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ;
 For nature knew no right divine in men.
 No ill could fear in God ; and understood
 A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
 (True faith. true policy, united ran.)
 That was but love of God, and this of man.
 Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;
 That proud exception to all nature's laws,
 T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause ?
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest law ;
 Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,

Then

* A beautiful allusion to the effects of a prismatic glass on the rays of light.

Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made :
 She 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :
 She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ;
 Fear made her devils, and weak hope her Gods ;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
 And heav'n was built on spite, and heav'n on pride*.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
 Then first the Flamen tasting living food ;
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
 Which heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
 So drives Self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust,
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust :

The

* This might be very well said of those times, when no
 one was content to go to heaven without being received
 there on the footing of a God.

The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain;
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learnt justice and benevolence:
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God or friend of human-kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral, nature gave before;
 Resum'd her ancient light, not kindled new:
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings;
 Taught not to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too;
 Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things:
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;

Draw to one point, and to one center bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity :
All must be false that thwart this one great end ;
And, all of God, that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun :
So two consistent motions acts the soul ;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same,

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim,
Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name :
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise,
Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?

Fair

Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine ?
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil ;
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where :
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way ? The learn'd are blind ;
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ;
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;
 Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;
 Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n virtue vain ;
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Then this, that happiness is happiness ?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave ;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common sense, and common ease,

Remember, man, ' the Universal Cause
 Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;'

And makes what happiness we justly call;
Subsist, not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is heav'n's first law; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense,
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase,
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole.
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest?

If

If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
But heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear :
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists in temperance alone ;
And peace, oh virtue ! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
But these lets taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right ?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains :
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy blifs to vice, to virtue woe !
 Who fees and follows that great scheme the beft,
 Beft knows the bleffing, and will moft be bleft.
 But fools the good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See *Falkland* dies, the virtuous and the juft !
 See god-like *Turenne* prostrate on the duft !
 See *Sidney* bleeds amid the martial strife !
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?
 Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented *Digby* ! sunk thee to the grave ?
 Tell me, if virtue made the fon expire,
 Why, full of days and honor, lives the fire ?
 Why drew *Marfeilles*' good bifhop purer breath,
 When nature ficken'd, and each gale was death ?
 Or why fo long (in life if long can be)
 Lent heav'n a parent to the poor and me ?
 What makes all phyfical or moral ill ?
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
 God fends not ill ; if rightly underftood,
 Or partial ill is univerfal good,
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall ;
 Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
 We juft as wifely might of heav'n complain,
 That righteous Abel was deffroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous fon is ill at eafe
 When his lewd father gave the dire difeafe.

Think

Think we like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause,
Prone for his fav'rites to reserve his laws ?

Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires ?
On air or sea new motions be impress,
Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall ?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have ?
A kingdom of the just then let it be :
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care ;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?
One thinks on Calvin heav'n's own spirit fell ;
Another deems him instrument of hell ;
If Calvin feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too :
And which more blest ? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?

‘ But

' But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.
 What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
 That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil:
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent;
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
 ' No—shall the good want health, the good want pow'r?
 Add health, and power, and ev'ry earthly thing,
 ' Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?
 ' Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
 ' Why is not man a God, and earth a heav'n?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give:
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand:
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
 What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix,
 Then give humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will heav'n reward us there,
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet figh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go,

Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife :
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing :
 How oft by these at fixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty one !
 To whom can riches give repute or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just ?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
 Honor and shame from no condition rise :
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade :
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch' crown'd,
 ' What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ?'
 I'll tell you, friend ; a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow ;
 The rest is all but leather and prunello.

Stuck

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :
 But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards ?
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on greatness ; say where greatness lies,
 ' Where, but among the heroes and the wise !
 Heroes are much the same, the poin'ts agreed,
 From Madedonia's madman to the Swede ;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make an enemy of all mankind !
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise ;
 All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes :
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great :
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
 A thing beyond us, even before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
 All what we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends :
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead ;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave ;
 When what th' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
 In parts superior what advantage lies ?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?

'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
 To see all others faults, and feel our own ;
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge ;
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful preheminance ! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
 Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount :
 How much of other each is sure to cost ;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :
 Think. and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?
 To fight for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame !
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete !

In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray !
 Mark by some wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose.
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero sunk the man :
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold :
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame !
 What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife ;
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame !

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)

' Virtue alone is happiness below.'

The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears :
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss heav'n could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know ;
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' nature up to nature's God ;
 Pursues that chain, which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above and some below ;
 Learns from this union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
 For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
 Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

He

He sees, why nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
 Grasps the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence :
 Happier and kinder, in whate'er degree.
 And height of bliss but height of charity.
 God loves from whole to parts : but human soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole,
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
 The center mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
 His country next ; and next all human race ;
 Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along,
 Oh master of the poet, and the song!
 And while the muse now sloops, or now ascends,
 To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
 Shew'd erring pride. **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;**
 That **REASON, PASSION,** answer one great aim;
 That true **SELF-LOVE** and **SOCIAL** are the same;
 That **VIRTUE** only makes our bliss below;
 And all our knowledge is, **OURSELVES TO KNOW.**

T H E
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All ! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,

By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood :

Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,

To see the good from ill ;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do.

This teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,

Let me not cast away :
For God is paid when man receives :
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath :
 Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth and skies !
 One chorus let all Being raise ;
 All nature's incense rise !

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR,

THE POWER OF MUSIC,

By JOHN DRYDEN.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son ;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero fate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound ;
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride :
Happy, happy, happy pair ;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.
Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The

The song began from Jove ;
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 Such is the pow'r of mighty love !
 A dragon's fiery form belyed the god :
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd.
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound :
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung ;
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !
 Bacchus ever fair and young
 Drinking joys did first ordain :
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies.
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast look the joyless victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow,

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Sofly

Softly sweet, in Lydian measure,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures,
 War he sung is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :

If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth-enjoying !
 Lovely Thais sits beside the,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;

And louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has rais'd up his head,

As awak'd from the dead,

And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,

See the furies arise,

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in the air,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand,

These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain ;

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew :

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !—

The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,

Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute ;

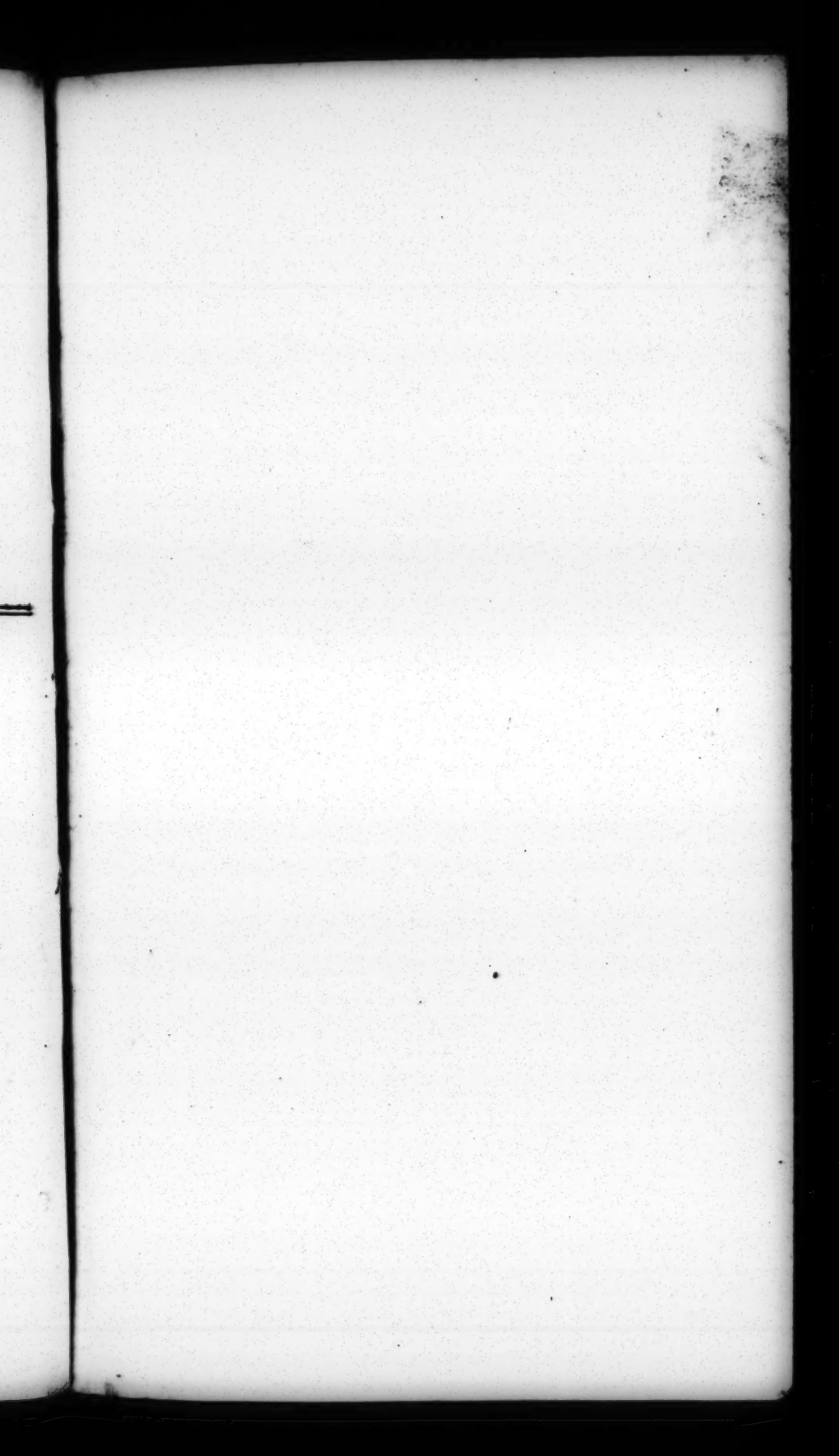
Timotheus to his breathing flute

And sounding lyre

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire,

At

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame :
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.



Lady Ellen and the Earl of Nithisdale.



Frederick's delin.

Barlow del.

*She strives to fly—from wizzards wand,
To well might powerless captive fly—
The new-cropt flower falls from her hand,
Ah! fall not with that flower to die—*

Langhorne.

*Blissful as the Act directs, by J. Roach Russell Court opposite the Pit door of New Burg
Theatre Royal. Decr. 30, 1795.*

OWEN of CARRON,

by D^r Langhorne.

The **FOUR SEASONS,**

by Samuel Johnson LL.D.

The **TEMPLE of FAME,**

by Alex.^r Pope Esq.^r

GRONGAR HILL,

by John Dyer.

The **SOUL in SORROW,**

by D.^r Parnell.



*As they rake the green appearing ground,
The russet haycock rises thick behind.*

L O N D O N.

Thomson

Printed for & by J. Roach Russell Court opposite the Pit door of New Drury Theatre

Price 6.^d

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OWEN OF CARRON,

By DR. LANGHORNE.

There is something romantic in the story of the following POEM; but the Author has his reasons for believing that there is something, likewise, authentic. On the simple circumstances of the ancient narrative, from which he first borrowed his idea, those reasons are principally founded, and they are supported by others, with which, in a work of this kind, to trouble his Readers would be superfluous.

ON CARRON'S fids the primrose pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue?

Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE,

Why streams your eyes with pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle OWEN's blood

That purple grows the primrose pale;

That pity pours the tenderflood

From each fair eye in MARLIVALE.

The evening star fate in his eye,

The sun his golden tresses gave,

The north's pure morn her orient dye,

To him who rests in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, historic stone,

Tho' nobly born, is OWEN laid,

Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,

He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
 And fled before the mountain gale,
 Since first his simple dirge ye sing:
 Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE.

Yet still, when *May* with fragrant feet
 Hath wander'd o'er your meeds of gold,
 That dirge I hear so simply sweet
 Far echoed from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of WILLIAM'S * day,
 When Scotland's honors flourished still,
 That Moray's Earl, with mighty sway,
 Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store
 The fairest plains of Carron spread;
 In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
 An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
 In waves of gold round India's throne,
 All in her shining breast that glows,
 To Ellen's † charms, were earth and stone.

For

* *William the Lyon, King of Scotland.*

† *The Lady Ellen, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithisdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was esteemed one of the finest women in Europe, insomuch that she had several suitors and admirers from foreign courts.*

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
 The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
 And smother Italy applied,
 And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd.

No foreign loves her breast beguile,
 And England's honest valour fail'd,
 Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

' Ah ! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
 ' That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd,
 ' Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
 ' Thy voice, the music of the shade !

' Ah ! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
 ' Alone to thy soft tale would yield !
 ' For soon those gentle arms shall prove
 ' The conflict of a ruder field.'

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
 And cast a rueful glance behind,
 As from her dimwood glen she broke,
 And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmov'd
 Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
 The valiant youth by Ellen lov'd
 With aught that fear, or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
 The soul beyond a vulgar state ;
 Th' unconquer'd banners he displays
 Control our fears, and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
 Of clouds that wander'd west away.
 Twilight with gentle hand did weave
 Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmermore*.

Led by those waking dreams of thought
 That warm the young unpractis'd breast,
 Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
 And Carron murmur'd near, and sooth'd her into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
 That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
 Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
 And smiles at slumber's powerless chains ;

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
 At this soft hour the sprite was there,
 And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
 And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower

* A chain of mountains running through Scotland
 from East to West.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
 What long might weary mortal wight ::
 Swift as the lightnings rapid flame
 Darts on the unsuspecting fight).

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
 As well that wizard bard hath wove,
 In scenes where fair Armida's wand
 Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

Yet was it wrought in simple shew ;
 Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
 Had lent their glories here to glow,
 Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
 The wild rose wound her damask flower ;
 The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
 That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash, that courts the mountain air,
 In all her painted blooms array'd,
 The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
 Combin'd to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
 The cowslip's sweet, reclining head,
 The violet of sky-woven vest,
 Was all the Fairy ground bespread.

But, who is he, whose locks so fair
 Adown his manly shoulders flow ;
 Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
 Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite.
 Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
 He courts her arms with fond delight,
 And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
 Some soft ideas melt away,
 If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
 The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray.

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
 And when the fleeting form was past,
 Still on thy memory found its mien,
 And felt the fond idea last ?

Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,
 Seen in some vision counted vain,
 Has struck thy wondering eye anew,
 And brought the long lost dream again.

With warrior's-bow, with hunter's spear,
 With locks adown his shoulder spread,
 Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
 He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
 And fill'd her silver urn again,
 When in the devious chace to stray,
 Afar from all his woodland train,
 To Carron's bank his fate consign'd,
 And, all to shun the fervid hour,
 He sought some friendly shade to find,
 And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
 Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
 And in the deep defending grove
 Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—who is he whose ringlets fair
 Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
 Reclin'd in rest—whose sunny hair
 Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
 (Ah me! that sprites can fate controul!)
 That lives still imagin'd on her breast,
 That lives still pictur'd in her soul

As when some gentle spirit fled
 From earth to breathe Elysium air,
 And, in the train whom we call dead,
 Perceives its long-lov'd partner there;

Soft,

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
 Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
 To find its future fate restore
 The object of its former flame,

So Ellen stood—less power to move
 Had he, who bound in slumber's chain,
 Seem'd haply, o'er his hill to rove,
 And wind his woodland chace again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
 And fond delight and melting love
 Seiz'd all her soul ; she came not near,
 She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly from wizard's wand
 As well might powerless captive fly
 The new cropt flower falls from her hand—
 Ah! fall not with that flower to die*

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
 Smile in the morning's orient eye,
 And skirt the the reddening cloud's soft beam
 What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
 As any muse that meets thine ear,
 The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
 When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

* See the Plate

Silent they gaz'd—that silence broke ;

‘ Hail Goddess of these groves,’ he cry’d

‘ O let me wear thy gentle yoke ;

‘ O let me in thy service bide !

‘ For thee I’ll climb the mountain steep,

‘ Unwearied chase the destin’d prey,

‘ For thee I’ll pierce the wild-wood deep,

‘ And part the sprays that vex thy way,’

For thee—‘ O stranger, cease,’ she said,

And swift away, like Daphne, flew,

But Daphne’s flight was not delay’d

By aught that to her bosom grew.

’Twas Atalanta’s golden fruit,

The fond idea that confin’d

Fair Ellen’s steps, and blest’d his suit,

Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O love ! within those golden vales,

Those genial airs where thou wast born,

Where nature, listening thy soft tales,

Leans on the rosy breast of morn,

Where the sweet smiles, the graces dwell,

And tender sighs the heart remove,

In silent eloquence to tell

Thy tale, O soul-subduing love !

Ah !

Ah ! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,
And dark distrust, with changeful face,
And jealousy's reverred eye
Be near thy fair thy favour'd place ?

IX

Earl Barnard was of high degree
And Lord of many a lowland hind,
And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's Halls her absent hour
He watch'd with all a miser's care ;
The wide domain, the princely dower
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch ! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part !
Though Lothian's vales thy sway controul,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart,

Studios he marks her absent hour,
And winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he sees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he ?—'tis Nithisdale !
And that fair form with arm reclin'd
On his ?—'tis Ellen of the vale,
'Tis she (O powers of vengeance !) kind

Should

Should he that vengeance swift pursue ?

No—that would all his hopes destroy ;
Moray would vanish from his view.

And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—

He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,

• And, haste to yonder groves,' He cries,

• And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.'

• What time ye mark from bower or glen

• A gentle lady take her way

• To distance due, and far from ken,

• Allow her length of time to stray,

• Then ransack straight that range of groves.—

• With hunter's spear, and vest of green,

• If chance, a rosy stripling roves,—

• Ye well can aim your arrows keen.'

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,

And Ellen takes her homeward way ;

Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,

She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale

The lover leans his gentle heart,

Revolving many a tender tale,

And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the defart air,
 Ere yet his tender dreams depart ;
 And one struck deep his forehead fair,
 And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's wakeing dream is lost in sleep—
 He lies beneath yon poplar pale ;
 Ah ! could ye marvel ye should weep :
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmermore ;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
 Along the fairy-featur'd vale :
 Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
 And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
 Swift as the mountain deer he sped ;
 The evening shades will sink in night,—
 Where art thou, loitering lover, fled ?

O ! She will chide thy trifling stay,
 E'en now the soft reproach she frames :
 • Can lovers brook such long delay ?
 • Lovers that boast of ardent flames ;

He

Vol. I

He comes not—weary with the chase,
 Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws
 Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace.
 We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
 He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
 Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
 Thy heart will far forego my tale !

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
 She's not in Moray's splendid train ;
 Their mistress dear at midnight hour,
 Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down ;
 For her no balms their sweets exhale :
 Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
 Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
 The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
 And the chill mountain's early air
 Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
 When clouds involve his rosy light,
 Darts thro' the gloom a transient ray,
 And leaves the world once more to night ;

Returning life illumines her eye,
 And flow its languid orb unfolds—
 What are those bloody arrows nigh?
 Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,
 That low beneath the poplar lay?
 'Twas some poor youth—' Ah Nithisdale !'
 She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
 The wood-lark trills his liquid strain—
 Can morn's sweet music raise the dead?
 Give the set eye its soul again?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
 Which nature not profusely yields,
 Seeks in these lonely shades to find
 Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
 O'er all his paly visage glides—
 ' Ah me ! what means this misery here ?
 ' What fate this lady fair betides ?'

He bears her to his friendly home,
 When life, he finds, has but retir'd;
 With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
 For his is quite, is quite expir'd !

XIII.

- ' O hide me in thy humble bower'
 Returning late to life she said ;
 ' I'll bind thy crook with many a flower ;
 ' With many a rosy wreath thy head.
 ' Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
 ' And, if my love asleep is laid,
 ' Oh ! wake him not ; but softly move
 ' Some pillow to that gentie head.
 ' Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
 ' Thou know'st the sun rise o'er the sea—
 ' But Oh ! no lamb in all thy train
 ' Was e'er so mild, so mild as he.'
 ' His head his on the wood-moss laid ;
 ' I did not wake his slumber deep—
 ' Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade—
 ' Why, gentle lady, would you weep ?'

As flowers that fade in burning day,
 At evening find the dew-drop dear,
 But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,
 When soften'd by the nightly tear ;

Returning in the flowing tear,
 This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
 Found her fair soul, and, wandering near.
 The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul,—Ah ! so to find
 Was but more dreadful grief to know !
 Ah ! sure, the privilege of mind
 Can not be worth the wish of woe.

XIV.

On melancholy's silent urn
 A soster shade of sorrow falls,
 But Ellen can no more return,
 No more return to Moray's Halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
 The slow consuming hour she'll weep,
 Till nature seeks her last-left aid,
 In the sad, sombrous arms of sleep.

- These jewels all, unmeet for me,
 • Shalt thou,' she said, ' good shepherd take ;
- These gems will purchase gold for thee,
 • And these be thine for Ellen's sake.
- So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
 • The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
 Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
 • Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.
- Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
 • Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
 • For I will share her humble toil,
 • And I her friendly roof will share.'

XV.

And now two longsome years are past
 In luxury of lonely pain—
 The lovely mourner, found at last,
 To Moray's Halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
 That wears love's sunny eye of joy——
 Is Nithisdale reviving here ?
 Or is it but a shepherd's boy ?

By Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,
 He binds his vale flowers with the reed ;
 He wears love's sunny heart of joy,
 And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah ! no more his infant sleep
 Closes beneath a mother's smile,
 Who, only when it clos'd would weep,
 And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
 She seeks th' unspoken wish to find ;
 No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
 See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII,

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast ?
 Is she the friend of stern controul ?
 Wears she the despot's purple vest :
 Or fetters she the free-born soul ?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
 In chains thy childrens' breasts to bind ?
 Gav'st thou the Promothean flame ?
 The incommunicable mind ?

Thy offspring are great Nature's,—free,
 And of her fair dominion heirs ;
 Each privilege she gives to thee ;
 Know, that each privilege is theirs,
 They have thy fortune, wear thine eye,
 Perhaps some feeling of thy heart ;
 And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
 To act their fair, their proper part ?

XVIII.

The Lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
 Ill fated Ellen, claims thy hand ;
 Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
 Was low laid by his ruffian band.

And Moray with unfather'd eyes,
 Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale.
 Attends the human sacrifice,
 Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love ! thy bard shall own,
 Where two congenial souls unite,
 Thy golden chain intaid with down,
 Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright.

But

But if no radiant star of love

O Hymen ! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's slow wandering wing
Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
Who bound his vale flowers with the reed ?

Ah me ! those flowers he binds no more ;
No early charm return again ;
The parent, nature keeps in store
Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
That plays on Carron's breast he can,
Reason has lent her quivering light.
And shewn the checquer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sate thoughtful oft in Eden's shade ;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
Wild Carron's lonely woods among.
And once, within their greenest glade,
He fondly fram'd this simple song :

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
 Why am I tales of ladies told?
 Why does no labour me employ,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy?

A filken vest like mine so green
 In shepherd's but I have not seen—
 Why should I in such vesture joy,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy?

I know it is no shepherd's art
 His written meaning to impart—
 They teach me, sure, an idle toy.
 If I am but a shepherd's boy.

This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
 It could not come from shepherd's farm;
 It only would that arm annoy,
 If I were but a shepherd's boy.

And, O thou silent picture fair,
 That lov'st to smile upon me there,
 O say, and fill my heart with joy,
 That I am not a shepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah lovely youth! thy tender lay
 May not thy gentle life prolong;
 See'st thou yon nightingale a prey?
 The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love :
 He sweetly hail his evening star,
 And fate's more pointed arrows move,
 Infidious, from his eye afar,

XXIII.

The shepherdes, whose kindly care
 Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
 Must now their silent mansions share,
 Whom time leads calmly down to death.

' O tell me parent if thou art,
 ' What is this lovely picture dear ?
 ' Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
 ' Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear ?
 ' Ah ! youth ! to leave thee loth am I,
 ' Tho' I be not thy parent dear ;
 ' And would'st thou wish, or ere I die,
 ' The story of thy birth to hear ?
 ' But it will make thee much bewail,
 ' And it will make thy fair eye swell —'
 She said, and told the woesome tale,
 As sooth as shepherdes might tell.

XXIV,

The heart, that sorrow doom'd to share.
 Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
 Its sad impressions learns to bear,
 And finds full oft, its ruin flow.

But

But when that seal is first impress,
 When the young heart its pain shall try,
 For the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
 Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
 In paleness cloath'd, and lifted hands,
 And horror's dread, unmeaning gaze,
 Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
 Look'd willful for the tear to glide ;
 But when she saw his tearless strife,
 Silent, she lent him one,—and died.

XXV.

- ' No, I am not a shepherd's boy,'
- ' Awaking from his dream, he said,
- ' Ah where is now the promis'd joy
- ' Of this?—for ever, ever fled !
- ' O picture dear ! for her lov'd sake
- ' How fondly could my heart bewail !
- ' My friendly shepherds, O wake.
- ' And tell me more of this sad tale.
- ' O tell me more of this sad tale—
- ' No ; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep !
- ' And I will go to Lotinian's vale,
- ' And more than all her waters weep.'

XXVI.

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled——

Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear——

• O ! art thou there, the full heart said,

‘ O ! art thou there, my parent dear ?’

Yes, she is there : from idle state

Oft has she stole her hour to weep ;

Think how she ‘ by thy cradle fate,’

And how she ‘ fondly saw thee sleep*.’

Now tries his trembling hand to frame

Full many a tender line of love ;

And still he blots the parent's name,

For that, he fears, might fatal prove

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side

Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moss,

Where every bird was wont to bide,

That languish'd for its partner's loss,

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd

A parent's first embrace to wait,

And many a soft tear fill'd his mind,

Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,

The well-informing bracelet bore——

Ah ! may they not unprosperous prove !

Ah ! safely pass yon dangerous door !

She

* See the ancient SCOTTISH Ballad, called

CHILD MAURICE.

XXVIII.

- ' She comes not ;—can she then delay ?
 ' Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
 ' Whatever filial love could say,
 ' To her I said, and call'd her dear.
 ' She comes—Oh ! No—encircled round
 ' 'Tis some rude chief with many a spear.
 ' My hapless tale that Earl has found—
 ' Ah me ! my heart ! for her I fear,'

His tender tale that Earl had read,
 Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye,
 His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
 In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX,

'Tis o'er—those locks that wav'd in gold,
 That wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,
 Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold.
 Hang from the sever'd head in air*,

* *Well may it be declar'd by sacred inspiration, love is strong as death, jealousy cruel as the grave. Here is an instance of the melancholy effects of a jealous disposition, terminating in the murder of the suspected object, how justly may we adopt the language of the church, and say—from such a temper and disposition, good Lord deliver us. and let all the people say, amen,*

That streaming head he joys to bear
 In horrid guise to Lothian's Halls :
 Bids his grim ruffians place it there
 Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
 ' Know'st thou these—Ellen of the vale ?'
 The pictur'd bracelet soon she knew,
 And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.—
 The trembling victim, straight he led,
 Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er :
 He pointed to the ghastly head—
 She saw, and sunk, to rise no more.

T I M E,

By Dr YOUNG.

THE bell strikes One. We take no note of Time
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours ;
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands dispatch :
 How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd; and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyss ;
 A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

THE
FOUR SEASONS,

By SAMUEL JOHNSON. LL. D.

SPRING.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long continued strife ;
And nature, on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure, with her laughing train ;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny consigns !
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Ther' rapture sings, and beauty shines !

Yet tho' my limbs disease invades
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight.
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide—a father—and a friend ;
 Once more great nature's works review,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal pow'r,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war.
 Here let me learn to shun the crime
 I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

SUMMER.

O Phæbus ! down the western sky
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray ;
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease !

Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night !

Refresh me with a cooling breeze,

And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground

Her living carpet nature spreads ;

Where the green bow'r, with roses crown'd,

In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds,

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,

Let music die along the grove ;

Around the bowl let myrtles twine,

And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart !

Come, born to fill its vast desires !

Thy looks perpetual joys impart,

Thy voice perpetual joys inspires.

Whilst, all my wish and thine complete,

By turns we languish and we burn,

Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,

Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return,

Let me, when nature calls to rest,

And blushing skies the morn foretell,

Sink on the down of Stella's breast

And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN,

AUTUMN.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace
 Impatient time rolls on the year ;
 The seasons change, and nature's face
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
 Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow ;
 The flow'rs of Spring are swept away,
 And summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
 And wanton'd on the western breeze,
 Now trod in dust neglected lie,
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
 As russet heaths are wild and bare.
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain ;
 Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
 Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
 As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
 O would some god but wings supply !
 To where each morn the Spring restores,
 Companion of her flight, I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me fate compels to bear
 The downward seasons iron reign,
 Compels to breathe polluted air,
 And shiver on a blasted plain

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
 If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail;
 And Ceres flies the naked field,
 And flow'rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail ?

O ! what remains, what lingers yet,
 To cheer me in the darkening hour ?
 The grape remains, the friend of wit,
 In love and mirth of mighty pow'r.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl ;
 Apollo ! shoot thy parting ray :
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,
 This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat ;
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,
 And every bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER.

NO more the morn with tepid rays,
 Unfolds the flow'r of various hue ;
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
 Nor gentle eve distills the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night ;
 Usurping darkness shares the day,
 Her mists restrain the force of light ;
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain ;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain,

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd, impetuous show'rs descend ;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere ;
 Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high ;
 Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more ;
 Nor music charm, tho' Stella sings ;
 Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O catch, the transient hour :
 Improve each moment as it flies,
 Life's a short Summer—man a flow'r ;
 He dies—alas ! how soon he dies.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS,

By DR. YOUNG.

NO man is happy till he thinks on earth
 There breathes not a more happy than himself.
 Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all ;
 And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
 Such angels, all, entitled to repose
 On Him who governs fate. Tho' tempest frowns,
 Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven !
 To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean !
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
 They stand collecting every beam of thought,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight ;
 For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old
 In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heaven ;
 Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes ;
 While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

THE

T H E
T E M P L E O F F A M E,

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs ;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray :
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings);
A train of phantoms in wild order rose ;
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies ;
The whole creation open to my eyes :
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow :
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green ;
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes,
There trees and intermingled temples rise :
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmur'ing on the hollow shore :

Then,

Then, gazing up, a glorious pile heheld,
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds coceal'
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way ;
 The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdued ;
 Yet wide were spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some, fresh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd :
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own with labour in their place ;
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the first impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;
 For fame. impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
 Like chrysal, faithful to the graven steel :
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of days.

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So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play ;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky :
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
 Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace :
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
 Her fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace ;
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone.
 Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :

There

There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil :
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound,
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire !
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
 The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
 And the great founder of the Persian name :
 There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand ;
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand :
 The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd,
 These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied shades.
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades ;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But

But, on the South, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view.
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
 His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold,
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
 There huge collosses rose, with trophies crown'd ;
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes ;
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
 And youths that died to be by poets sung.
 These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
 In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face :
 The wall, in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall ;
 For thus romantic Fate increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold ;
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd.
 Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
 The friezes gold, and gold the capitals :
 As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depends in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
 The sage Historians in white garments wait ;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
 High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The Youth that all things but himself subdued ;
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horn'd head belyed the Lybian God.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone ;
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
 Unmov'd, superior still, in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.
 But chief were those who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought.
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great :

And

And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
 With boundiefs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suffering heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates ;
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 At all times just but when he sign'd the shell ;
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names ;
 Unconquer'd Cato, shews the wound he tore ;
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone,
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne ;
 Father of verse ! in holy fillets dress'd,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ;
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
 Heredragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall :

Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
 A strong expression moll he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With parient touches of unwearied art :
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat,
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre ;
 Æneas bending with his aged fire :
 Troy flam'd in burning gold ; and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace ;
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone :

The

The champions, in distorted posture, threat ;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire ;
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirits of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace ;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear ;
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat, fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround ;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and looks all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone ;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consuls throne :
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns,

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.

Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great :
 The vivid em'rals there revive the eye,
 The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
 With various colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ;
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
 Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd,
 With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew ;
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long aisles extend,
 Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet enfold ;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string :
 With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
 And last eternal thro' the length of days.

Around

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook ;
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From different quarters fill the crowded hall :
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
 Thick as the bees that with the spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly.
 Or settling seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend ;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
 Their pleas were different, their request the same ;
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd ;
 Unlike successes equal merits found.
 Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns ;
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
 First at the shrine the learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r :
 Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
 With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne.

On wit and learning the just prize bestow ;
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise :
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around ;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud :
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud ;
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise.
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread :
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane :
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
Add the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd.
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd :
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This hand dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

But

But straight the direful tramp of slander sounds ;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies ;
 In ev'ry ear, incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
 The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
 For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
 Those ills we dat'd thy inspiration own ;
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools ! (the Queen replied, and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd :
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone ;
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !

But

But save in desarts from th' applause of men,
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue even for virtue's sake.

And live there men who slight immortal fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?
 But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise! muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said: in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft the' high, so loud and yet so clear,
 Even list'ning angels lean from heaven to hear:
 To furthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
 Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and see
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair:
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;

Of unknown ducheſſes lewd tales we tell ;
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name ;
 And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.

The queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
 And at each blaſt a lady's honour dies.

Pleaſ'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſs'd
 Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt :
 What you (ſhe cried) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
 Slaves to yourſelf, and even fatigued with eaſe,
 Who loſe a length of undeſerving days
 Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe ?
 To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall ;
 The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all !
 Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
 Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round ;
 Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
 And ſcornful hiſſes run thro' all the crowd.

Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
 Enſlave their country, or uſury a throne ;
 Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
 On ſov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd ;
 Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
 Of crooked counſels and dark politics—
 Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
 And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With ſparks that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.

At

At the dread sound pale mortals flood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne,
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its scite uncertain, it in earth or air ;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
With ceaseless noise, the ringing walls resound ;
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll.
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance ;
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make :

Another

Another ambient circle then they move ;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above ;
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife.
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life ;
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store ;
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore ;
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air ;
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state :
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great ;
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new :
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ;
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew ;
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
 And priests, and party zealots, num'rous bands,
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ;
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place ;
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;

And all who told it added something new,
 And all who heard it made enlargements too ;
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth,
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance ;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire.
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below ;
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force ;
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon ;
 Or wane and wax alternats like the moon.
 Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lye and truth contending for the way ;
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent.
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseperable now the truth and lye ;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd,
 And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er shall find.

While

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?
 But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others breath,
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign ;
 Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure ;
 Be envied, wretched—and be flatter'd, poor ;
 All luckless wits their enemies profess,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor same I flight, nor for her favours call ;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all,
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice ;
 Oh ! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name
 But the fallen ruins of another's fame—
 Then teach me, heaven ! to scorn the guilty bay*,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
 Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

G R O N G A R H I L L,

By JOHN DYER,

SILENT Nymph ! with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mouuntain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings ;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Grongar ! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;
Grongar ! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,

From

From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checquer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind ;
And groves and grottos, where I lay,
And villas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads.
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow ;
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours, intervene ;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature shew
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies ;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires :

Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads,
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
 And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes :
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew :
 The slender fir that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs ;
 And, beyond the purple grove.
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood ;
 His sides are cloth'd with waving wood ;
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below ;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps :
 So both a safety from the kind
 On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;

And

And there the fox securely feeds.
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds :
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state :
 But transient is the smile of Fate !
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave,

And see the rivers, how they run
 Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun !
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life, to endless sleep !
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wand'ring thought ;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view !
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody vallies, warm and low ;
 The windy summit, wild and high,

Roughly

Roughly rushing on the sky !
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each gives each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide.
 How close and small the hedges lie !
 What streaks of meadow cross the eye ;
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream.
 So little distant dangers seem ;
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Eyed thro' hope's deluding glass.
 As yon summits soft and far,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which, to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
 Still we tread the same coarse way ;
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see !
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul :

'Tis thus the busy fan the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie :
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ! be great who will ;
Search for peace with all your skill ;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor :
In vain ye search, she is not there ;
In vain ye search the domes of Care !
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side ;
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Groggar Hill.

THE
S O U L I N S O R R O W,

By DR. PARNELL.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O, Jesu, Lord of Life, on high !

As, when the summer's seasons beat
With scorching flame and parching heat,
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirsty gaps in earth are made ;
My thoughts of comfort languish so,
And so my soul is broke by woe.
Then on thy servant's drooping head
Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed ;
Let those a quick refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger, while I breathe.
My dread of endless hell beneath ;
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort, change within ;
Change all my sad complaints for ease,
To cheerful notes of endless praise ;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy :

Joy

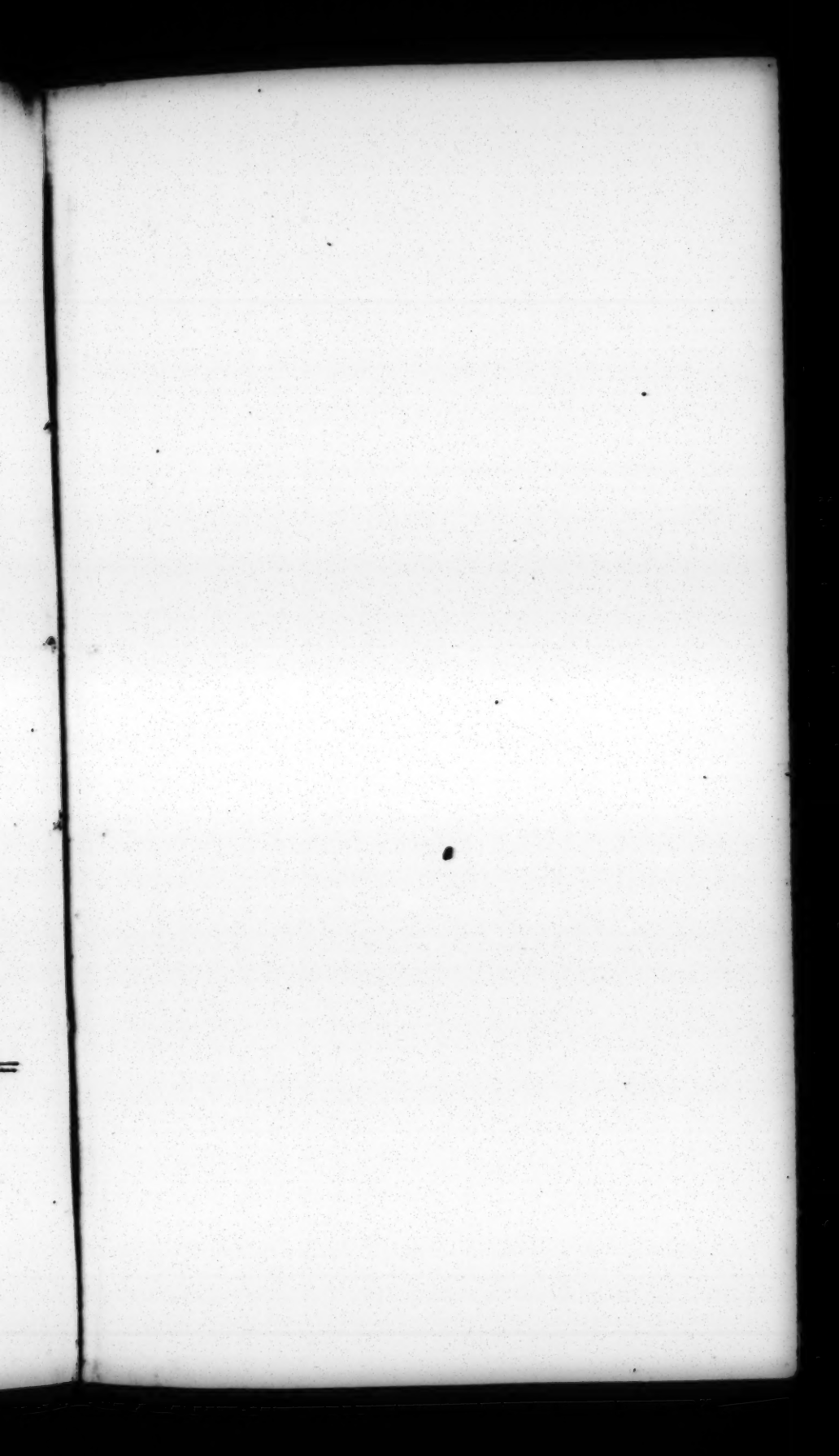
Joy transporting, sweet and strong,
 Fit to fill and raise my song ;
 Joy that shall resounded be,
 While days and nights succeed for me.
 Be not as a Judge severe,
 For so thy presence who may bear ?
 On all my words and actions look,
 {I know they're written in thy book ;
 But then regard my mournful cry,
 And look with mercy's gracious eye.
 What needs my blood, since thine will do,
 To pay the debt to Justice due ?
 O, render mercy's art divine !
 Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine !
 Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful smart,
 Allay the bleedings of my heart :
 Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
 Restores my soul to life again.
 Guide me then, for here I burn,
 To make my Saviour some return.
 I'll rise (if that will please him, still :
 And sure I've heard him own it will) ;
 I'll trace his steps, and bear my cross,
 Despising every grief and loss ;
 Since he, despising pain and shame,
 First took up his, and did the same,

PIETY,

P I E T Y.

By DR. YOUNG.

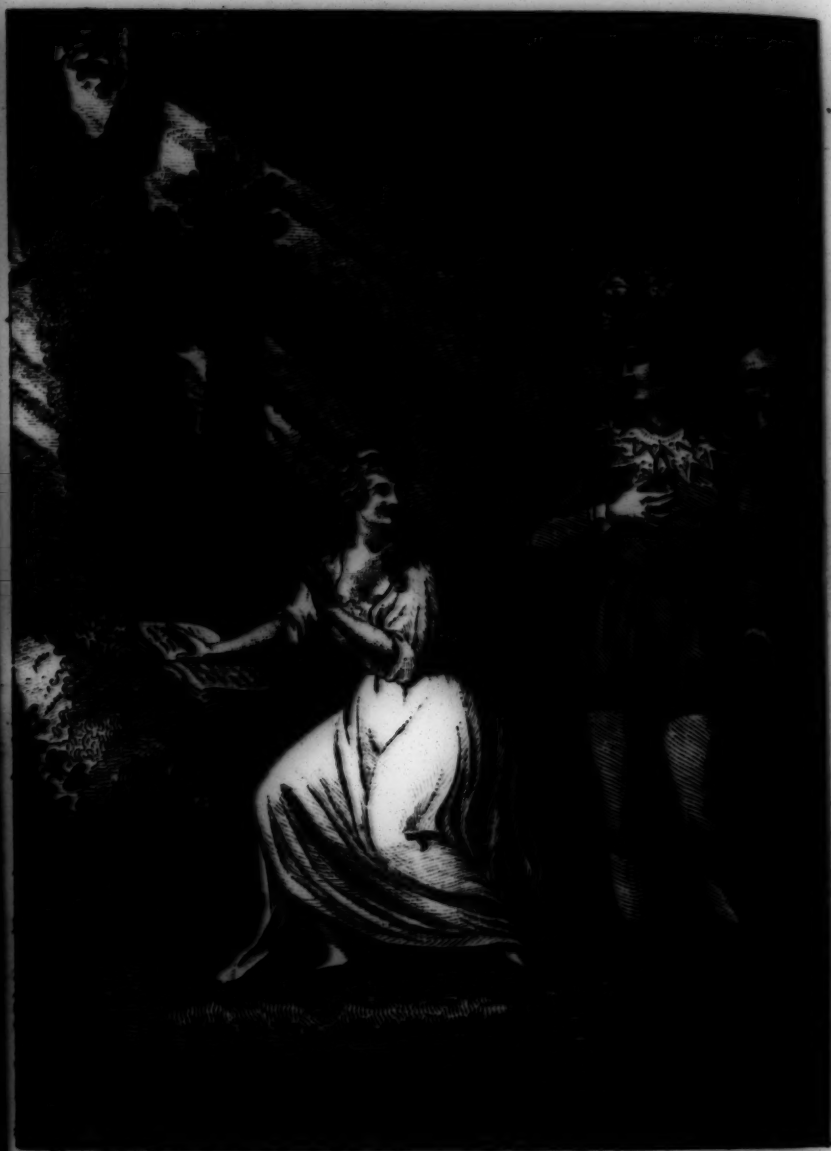
ON piety humanity is built ;
 And, on humanity, much happiness ;
 And yet still more on piety itself.
 A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven ;
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;
 The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
 A Deity believ'd, is joy begun ;
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd ;
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
 Each branch of piety delight inspires :
 Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
 O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides ;
 Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ;
 Pray'r ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man, in audience with the Deity.
 Who worships the Great God, that instant joins
 The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.



SIR

THE

DA



Crashaw's del.

Barth J. sculp.

*The stranger lost in transport stood,
Dearest of voice and pow'r
While she with equal wonder view'd
Sir Eldred of the Bower.*

*Act as the Act directs, by J. Roach Knight Court, opposite the Pitt door of New Street
Theatre Royal, Jan. 30, 1794.*

As
a
She
W
By the way

SIR ELDRED *of the* BOWER,
and the

Bleeding Rock,

by Miss Hannah More.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

by John Phillips.

Scenes *of my* Youth,
and

DAMON *and* ALFREDA, &

by John Rannier.



As o'er the barren rock she lean'd,
And view'd the wat'ry swell below.
She thus her pensive bosom strain'd,
With themes of recollected woe.

LONDON.

Rannier.

W & J. Roach Russell Court, opposite the Pitt door of New Drury Theatre

Price 6^d.

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T O

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

SIR,

IT is scarcely possible that any one should entertain a more humble opinion of the following little Production, than she who presents it to you. It is a trifle which, she confesses, has but a very slender claim to your protection ; but she considers that your name will be an ornament to her book, as your friendship has been an honour to its author.

Where merit is incontestible, and characters are decided by the concurring suffrage of mankind, praise becomes almost impertinent. It is absurd to be industrious in proving truths so self-evident, that no one ever thought of controverting them.

I may be accused of advancing a startling proposition, when I declare that you are an enemy to the Muses ; but if it be allowed that description and invention are the very soul of Poetry I shall be justified by the world in general, who constantly behold you displaying talents which cannot be described, and exhibiting excellencies which leave nothing to be imagined.

Vol. II. 7.

A

Whatever

Whatever reason I may find to regret my having ventured these little Poems into the world, I shall at least have no common pleasure in recollecting one circumstance attending them, since they furnish me with an occasion of assuring you with what esteem and admiration

I am, Sir,

BRISTOL, *Your most obedient,*

Dec. 14. 1775. *and very humble Servant,*

HANNAH MORE.

SIR

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

By HANNAH MORE.

PART I.

*O nostra Vita, ch'è sì bella in vista !
Com' perde agevolmente in un momento,
Quel, ch'en molt' anni a grand pena s' acquista !*

PETRARCA

THERE was a young, and valiant Knight,
SIR ELDRED was his name,
And never did a worthier wight
The rank of knighthood claim.

Where gliding *Tay*, her stream sends forth,
To feed the neighbouring wood,
The ancient glory of the North,
SIR ELDRED's castle stood.

The youth was rich as youth might be
In patrimonial dower ;
And many a noble feat had he
Atchieved, in hall, and bower.

He did not think, as some have thought,
Whom honor never crown'd,
The fame a father dearly bought,
Cou'd make the son renown'd.

He better thought, a noble fire,
 Who gallant deeds had done,
 To deeds of hardihood shou'd fire
 A brave and gallant son.

The fairest ancestry on earth
 Without desert is poor ;
 And every deed of lofty worth
 Is but a claim for more.

SIR ELDBRED's heart was good and kind,
 Alive to pity's call ;
 A crowd of virtues grac'd his mind,
 He lov'd, and felt for all,

When *merit* rais'd the sufferer's name,
 He show'r'd his bounty *then* ;
 And those who cou'd not prove that claim,
 He succour'd still as *men*.

But sacred truth the Muse compels
 His errors to impart ;
 And yet the Muse reluctant, tells
 The fault of ELDBRED's heart.

Tho' kind and gentle as the dove,
 As free from guile and art.
 And mild, and soft as infant love
 The feelings of his heart ;

Yet

Yet if the passions storm'd his soul,
 By jealousy led on ;
 The whirlwind rage disdain'd controul,
 And bore his virtues down.

Not Thule's waves so wildly break
 To drown the northern shore ;
 Not Etna's entrails fiercer shake ;
 Or Scythia's tempest roar.

As when in summer's sweetest day,
 To fan the fragrant morn,
 The sighing breezes softly stray
 O'er fields of ripen'd corn ;

Sudden the lightning's blast descends,
 Deforms the ravag'd fields ;
 At once the various ruin blends,
 And all resistless yields.

But when, to clear his stormy breast,
 The sun of reason shone,
 And ebbing passions sunk to rest,
 And shew'd what rage had done :

O then what anguish he betray'd !
 His shame how deep, how true !
 He view'd the waste his rage had made,
 And shudder'd at the view.

The meek-ey'd dawn, in saffron robe,
 Proclaim'd the op'ning day,
 Uprrose the sun to gild the globe,
 And hail the new-born May ;

The birds their vernal notes repeat,
 And glad the thick'ning grove,
 And feather'd partners fondly greet
 With many a song of love ;

When pious ELDRED walk'd abroad
 His morning vows to pay.
 And hail the universal Lord
 Who gave the goodly day.

That done—he left his woodland glade,
 And journey'd far away :
 He lov'd to court the stranger shade,
 And thro' the lone vale stray.

Within the bosom of a wood,
 By circling hills embrac'd,
 A little, modest mansion stood,
 Built by the hand of taste.

While many a prouder castle fell,
 This safely did endure ;
 The house where guardian virtues dwell
 Is sacred, and secure.

Of eglantine an humble fence
 Around the mansion flood,
 Which charm'd at once the ravish'd sense,
 And screen'd an infant wood.

The wood receiv'd an added grace,
 As pleas'd it bent to look,
 And view'd its ever verdant face
 Reflected on a brook.

The smallness of the stream did well
 The master's fortunes shew;
 But little streams may serve to tell
 From what a source they flow.

This mansion own'd an aged Knight,
 And such a man was he,
 As heaven just shews to human sight
 To tell what man shou'd be.

His youth in many a well-fought field
 Was train'd betimes to war;
 His bosom, like a well-worn shield,
 Was grac'd with many a scar,

The vigour of a green old age
 His reverend form did bear;
 And yet, alas! the warrior-sage
 Had drain'd the dregs of care:

And

And sorrow more than age can break,
 And wound its hapless prey ;
 'Twas sorrow furrow'd his firm cheek,
 And turn'd his bright locks grey.

One darling daughter sooth'd his cares,
 A young and beauteous dame ;
 Sole comfort of his failing years,
 And BIRTHA was her name.

Her heart a little sacred shrine,
 Where all the virtues meet ;
 And holy Hope, and Faith divine,
 Had claim'd it for their seat.

She rear'd a fair and fragrant bower
 Of wild and rustic taste,
 And there she screen'd each fav'rite flower
 From every ruder blast.

And not a shrub or plant was there
 But did some moral yield ;
 For wisdom, by a father's care,
 Was found in every field.

The trees, whose foliage fell away,
 And with the summer died,
 He thought an image of decay
 Might lecture human pride.

While fair, perennial greens that flood,
 And brav'd the wintry blast,
 As types of the fair mind he view'd
 Which shall for ever last.

He taught her that the gaudiest flowers
 Were seldom fragrant found.
 But wasted soon their little powers,
 Lay useless on the ground :

While the sweet-scented rose shall last,
 And boast its fragrant power,
 When life's imperfect day is past,
 And beauty's shorter hour.

And here the virgin lov'd to lead
 Her inoffensive day,
 And here she oft retir'd to read.
 And oft retir'd to pray.

Embower'd she grac'd the woodland shades,
 From courts and cities far.
 The pride of Caledonian maids,
 The peerless northern star.

As shines that bright and blazing star,
 The glory of the night,
 When sailing thro' the cloudless air,
 She sheds her silver light :

So BIRTHA shone !—But when she spoke
The Muse herself was heard,
As on the ravish'd air she broke,
And thus her prayer preferr'd

‘ O blest thy BIRTHA, Power Supreme,
‘ In whom I live and move,
‘ And blest me most by blessing him
‘ Whom more than life I love,’

She starts to hear a stranger's voice,
And with a modest grace
She lifts her meek eye in surprize,
And sees a stranger's face.

The stranger lost in transport stood,
Bereft of voice and pow'r,
While she with equal wonder view'd
SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

The virgin blush which spreads her cheek,
With Nature's purest dye,
And all those dazzling beams which break,
Like morning, from her eye.

He view'd them all, and as he view'd
Drank deeply of delight ;
And still his raptur'd eye pursued,
And feasted on the sight.

With

With silent wonder long they gaz'd,
And neither silence broke ;
At length the smother'd passion blaz'd,
Enamour'd ELDBRED spoke :

‘ O sacred virtue, heavenly power !
‘ Thy wonderous force I feel ;
‘ I gaze, I tremble, I adore,
‘ Yet die my love to tell.

‘ My scorn has oft the dart repell’d
‘ Which guileful beauty threw,
‘ But goodness heard, and grace beheld,
‘ Must every heart subdue.’

Quick, on the ground her eyes were cast,
And now as quickly rais’d :—
Her father haply that way past,
On whom she trembling gaz’d.

Good ARDOLPH’S eye his BIRTHA meets
With glances of delight ;
And thus with courteous speech he greets
The young and graceful knight ;

‘ O gallant youth, whoe’er thou art,
‘ Thou art welcome to this place ;
‘ There’s something rises at my heart
‘ Which says I’ve seen that face.’

• Thou

- ‘ Thou gen’rous Knight.’ the youth rejoin’d,
 ‘ Tho’ little known to fame,
 ‘ I trust I bear a grateful mind——
 ‘ SIR ELDRED is my name.
- ‘ SIR ELDRED?’—ARDOLPH loud exclaim’d,
 ‘ Renown’d for worth and power?
 ‘ For valour and for virtue fam’d.
 ‘ SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER?
- ‘ Now make me grateful, righteous Heaven,
 ‘ As thou art good to me,
 ‘ Since to my aged eyes ’tis given
 ‘ SIR ELDRED’s son to see!

Then ARDOLPH caught him by the hand,
 And gaz’d upon his face,
 And to his aged bosom strain’d,
 With many a kind embrace.

Again he view’d him o’er and o’er,
 And doubted still the truth,
 And ask’d what he had ask’d before,
 Then thus address the youth:

- ‘ Come now beneath my roof I pray,
 ‘ Some needful rest to take,
 ‘ And with us many a cheerful day
 ‘ Thy friendly sojourn make.’

He

He enter'd at the gate straightway
 Some needful rest to take ;
 And with them many a cheerful day
 Did friendly sojourn make.

 PART II.

ONCE—'twas upon a summer's walk,
 The gaudy day was fled ;
 They cheated time with cheerful talk,
 When thus Sir ARDOLPH said :

- ' Thy father was the firmest friend
- ' That e'er my being blest ;
- ' And every virtue Heaven could send,
- ' Fast bound him to my breast.
- ' Together did we learn to bear
- ' The casque and ample shield ;
- ' Together learn'd in many a war,
- ' The deathful spear to wield
- ' To make our union still more dear,
- ' We both were doom'd to prove
- ' What is most sweet and most severe
- ' In heart dissolving love.
- ' The daughter of a neighbouring Knight
- ' Did my fond heart engage ;
- ' And ne'er did Heaven the virtues write
- ' Upon a fairer page,

- ‘ *His bosom felt an equal wound,*
- ‘ *Nor sigh’d we long in vain ;*
- ‘ *One summer’s sun beheld us bound*
- ‘ *In Hymen’s holy chain.*
- ‘ *Thou wast Sir ELDRED’s only child,*
- ‘ *Thy father’s darling joy ;*
- ‘ *On me a lovely daughter smil’d,*
- ‘ *On me a blooming boy.*
- ‘ *But man has woes, has clouds of care,*
- ‘ *That dim his star of life ———*
- ‘ *My arms receiv’d the little pair,*
- ‘ *The earth’s cold breast, my wife.*
- ‘ *Forgive, thou gentle Knight, forgive,*
- ‘ *Fond foolish tears will flow ;*
- ‘ *One day like mine thy heart may have,*
- ‘ *And mourn its lot of woe.*
- ‘ *But grant, kind Heaven ! thou ne’er may’st know*
- ‘ *The pangs I now impart ;*
- ‘ *Nor ever feel the deadly blow*
- ‘ *That rives a husband’s heart.*
- ‘ *Beside the blooming banks of Tay,*
- ‘ *My angel’s ashes sleep ;*
- ‘ *And wherefore should her ARDOLPH stay,*
- ‘ *Except to watch and weep ?*

- * I bore my beauteous babes away
 - ‘ With many a gushing tear,
- * I left the blooming banks of *Tay*,
 - ‘ And brought my darlings here.
- * I watch’d my little household cares,
 - ‘ And form’d their growing youth ;
 - * And fondly train’d their infant years
 - ‘ To love and cherish truth.’
- * Thy blooming *BIRTHA* here I see,’
 - Sir *ELDRED* straight rejoin’d ;
- * But why the son is not with thee,
 - ‘ Resolve my doubting mind.’

When *BIRTHA* did the question hear,
 She sigh’d, but could not speak ;
 And many a soft and silent tear
 Stray’d down her damask cheek.

Then pass’d o’er good Sir *ARDOLPH*’s face,
 A cast of deadly pale ;
 But soon compos’d with manly grace
 He thus renew’d his tale ;

- * For him my heart too much has bled,
- ‘ For him, my darling son,
- * Has sorrow prest my hoary head ;
- ‘ But Heav’n’s high will be done ;

- ‘ Scarce eighteen winters had revolv’d,
- ‘ To crown the circling year,
- ‘ Before my valiant son resolv’d
- ‘ The warrior’s lance to bear.

- ‘ Too high I priz’d my native land,
- ‘ Too dear his fame I held,
- ‘ T’ oppose a parent’s stern command,
- ‘ And keep him from the field.

- ‘ He left me—left his sister too,
- ‘ Yet tears bedew’d his face—
- ‘ What could a feeble old man do ?—
- ‘ He burst from my embrace.

- ‘ O thirst of glory, fatal flame!
- ‘ O laurels dearly bought!
- ‘ Yet sweet is death when earn’d with fame—
- ‘ So virtuous EDWY thought.

- ‘ Full manfully the brave boy strove,
- ‘ Tho’ pressing ranks oppose;
- ‘ But weak the strongest arm must prove
- ‘ Against an host of foes.

- ‘ A deadly wound my son receives,
- ‘ A spear assails his side:
- ‘ Grief does not kill—for ARDOLPH lives
- ‘ To tell that EDWY died,

‘ His

- ‘ His long lov’d mother died again
- ‘ In EDWY’S parting groan ;
- ‘ I wept for her, yet wept in vain—
- ‘ I wept for both in one.

- ‘ I wou’d have died—I fought to die ;
- ‘ But Heaven restrain’d the thought,
- ‘ And to my passion-clouded eye
- ‘ My helpless BIRTHA brought.

- ‘ When lo ! array’d in robes of light,
- ‘ A nymph celestial came ;
- ‘ She clear’d the mists that dimm’d my sight—
- ‘ RELIGION was her name,

- ‘ She prov’d the chastisement divine,
- ‘ And bade me kiss the rod ;
- ‘ She taught this rebel heart of mine
- ‘ Submission to its God.

- ‘ RELIGION taught me to sustain
- ‘ What nature bade me feel ;
- And piety reliev’d the pain
- ‘ Which time can never heal.”

He ceas’d—with sorrow and delight

The tale Sir ELDRED hears.

Then weeping cries—‘ Thou noble Knight,

‘ For thanks accept my tears.

‘ O ARDOLPH, might I dare aspire
 ‘ To claim so bright a boon !
 ‘ Good old Sir ELDRED was my sire—
 ‘ And thou hast lost a son.

‘ And tho’ I want a worthier plea
 ‘ To urge so dear a cause ;
 ‘ Yet, let me to thy bosom be
 ‘ What once thy EDWY was.

‘ My trembling tongue its aid denies ;
 ‘ For thou may’st disapprove ;
 ‘ Then read it in my ardent eyes.
 ‘ Oh ! read the tale of love.

‘ Thy beauteous BIRTHA !’—‘ Gracious Power,
 ‘ How cou’d I e’er repine,’
 Cries ARDOLPH, ‘ since I see this hour ?
 ‘ Yes—BIRTHA shall be thine.’

A little transient gleam of red
 Shot faintly o’er her face,
 And every trembling feature spread
 With sweet disordered grace.

The tender father kindly smil’d
 With fulness of content,
 And fondly eyed his darling child,
 ‘ Who, bathful, blush’d consent.

O then to paint the vast delight
That fill'd Sir ELDRED's heart,
To tell the transports of the Knight,
Wou'd mock the Muse's art,

But every kind and gracious soul,
Where gentle passions dwell,
Will better far conceive the whole,
Than any Muse can tell.

The more the Knight his BIRTHA knew,
The more he priz'd the maid ;
Some worth each day produc'd to view,
Some grace each hour betray'd.

The virgin too was fond to charm
The dear accomplish'd youth ;
His single breast she strove to warm,
And crown'd, with love, his truth.

Unlike the dames of modern days,
Who *general* homage claim,
Who court the *universal* gaze,
And pant for *public* fame,

Then beauty but on merit smil'd,
Nor were her chaste smiles sold ;
No venal father gave his child
For grandeur, or for gold.

The ardour of young ELDRED's flame
 But ill cou'd brook delay,
 And oft he press'd the maid to name
 A speedy nuptial day.

The fond impatience of his breast
 'Twas all in vain to hide,
 But she his eager suit repress'd
 With modest, maiden pride.

When oft Sir ELDRED press'd the day
 Which was to crown his truth,
 The thoughtful Sire would sigh, and say,
 ' O happy state of youth !

' It little reeks the woes which wait
 ' To scare its dreams of joy,
 ' Nor thinks to-morrow's alter'd fate
 ' May all those dreams destroy.
 ' And tho' the flatterer, Hope, deceives,
 ' And painted prospects shews ;
 ' Yet man, still cheated, still believes,
 ' Till death the bright scene close.

' So look'd my bride, so sweetly mild,
 ' On me her beauty's slave ;
 ' But whilst she look'd, and whilst she smil'd;
 ' She sunk into the grave.

' Yet,

‘ Yet, O forgive an old man’s care,
 ‘ Forgive a father’s zeal ;
 ‘ Who fondly loves must greatly fear.
 ‘ Who fears must greatly feel.

‘ Once more in soft and sacred bands
 ‘ Shall Love and Hymen meet ;
 ‘ To-morrow shall unite your hands,
 ‘ And—be your bliss complete !’

The rising sun inflam’d the sky,
 The golden orient blush’d ;
 But BIRTHA’S cheeks a sweeter die,
 A brighter crimson flush’d.

The Priest, in milk-white vestments clad,
 Perform’d the mystic rite ;
 Love lit the hallow’d torch that led
 To Hymen’s chaste delight.

How feeble language were to speak
 Th’immeasurable joy
 That fir’d Sir ELDBRED’S ardent cheek,
 And triumph’d in his eye !

Sir ARDOLPH’S pleasure flood confess,
 A pleasure all his own ;
 The guarded rapture of a breast
 Which many a grief had known.

’Twas

'Twas such a sober sense of joy
 As Angels well might keep ;
 A joy chafis'd by piety,
 A joy prepar'd to weep.

To recollect her scatter'd thought,
 And shun the noon-tide hour,
 The lovely bride in secret fought
 The coolness of her Bower.

Long she remain'd——th' enamour'd Knight,
 Impatient at her stay,
 And all unfit to taste delight
 When BIRTHA was away ;

Betakes him to the secret Bower ;
 His footsteps softly move ;
 Impell'd by every tender power,
 He steals upon his love.

O, horror ! horror ! blasting sight !
 He sees his BIRTHA's charms,
 Reclin'd with melting, fond delight,
 Within a stranger's arms.

Wild frenzy fires his frantic hand.
 Distracted at the sight,
 He flies to where the lovers stand,
 And stabs the stranger Knight.

‘ Die,

‘ Die, traitor, die, thy guilty flames
 ‘ Demand th’avenging steel’—
 ‘ It is my brother, she exclaims,
 ‘ ’Tis EDWY—Oh farewell!’

An aged peasant, EDWY’s guide,
 The good old ARDOLPH fought ;
 He told him that his bosom’s pride.
 His EDWY, he had brought.

O how the father’s feelings melt !
 How faint, and how revive !
 Just so the Hebrew Patriarch felt,
 To find his son alive.

‘ Let me behold my darling’s face,
 ‘ And bless him ere I die !
 Then with a swift and vigorous pace,
 He to the Bower did hie.

O sad reverse !—Sunk on the ground
 His slaughter’d son he views,
 And dying BIRTHA close he found
 In brother’s blood imbru’d.

Cold, speechless, senseless, ELDRED near
 Gaz’d on the deed he had done ;
 Like the blank statue of *Despair*,
 Or *Madness* grav’d in stone.

The

The father saw—so Jephthah stood,
 So turn'd his woe-fraught eye
 When the dear destin'd child he view'd,
 His zeal had doom'd to die.

He look'd the woe he could not speak,
 And on the pale corse prest
 His wan, discolour'd, dying cheek,
 And silent, sunk to rest.

Then BIRTHA faintly rais'd her eye,
 Which long had ceas'd to stream,
 On ELDRED fix'd with many a sigh
 Its dim, departing beam.

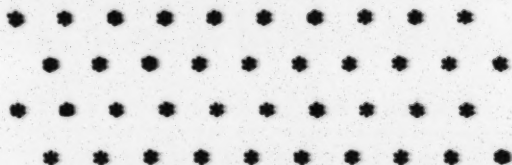
The cold, cold dews of hastening death
 Upon her pale face stand ;
 And quick and short her failing breath,
 And tremulous her hand.

The cold, cold, dews of hastening death,
 The dim, departing eye.
 The quivering hand, the short quick breath
 He view'd—and did not die.

He saw her spirit mount in air,
 Its kindred skies to seek !
 His heart its anguish could not bear,
 And yet it wou'd not break.

The

The mournful Muse forbears to tell
 How wretched ELDRED died :
 She draws the Grecian * Painter's veil,
 The vast distress to hide.



Yet Heaven's decrees are just and wise,
 And man is born to bear :
 Joy is the portion of the skies,
 Beneath them, all is care.

* *In the celebrated picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia Timanthes having exhausted every image of grief in the by-standers, threw a veil over the face of the father, whose sorrow he was utterly unable to express.* PLINY.

T H E
B L E E D I N G R O C K,

By HANNAH MORE.

----- *The annual wound allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer's day ;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.* MILTON,

WHERE beauteous *Be.mont* rears its modest brow
To view *Sabrina's* silver waves below,
Liv'd *LINDAMIRA* ; fair as Beauty's Queen,
The same sweet form, the same enchanting mien,
With all that softer elegance of mind
By genius heighten'd, and by taste refin'd.
Yet yearly was she doom'd the child of care,
For love, ill-fated love subdu'd the fair.
Ah ! what avails each captivating grace,
The form enchanting, or the finish'd face ?
Or what, each beauty on the heaven-born mind,
The soul superior, or the taste refin'd ?
Beauty but serves destruction to insure,
And *sense*, to feel the pang it cannot cure,

Each

Each neighb'ring youth aspir'd to gain her hand,
 And many a suiter came from many a land.
 But all in vain each neighb'ring youth aspir'd,
 And distant suitors all in vain admir'd.
 Averse to hear, yet fearful to offend,
 The lover she refus'd she made a friend :
 Her meek rejection wore so mild a face,
 More like acceptance seem'd it, than disgrace.

Young POLYDORE, the pride of rural swains,
 Was wont to visit *Belmont's* blooming plains.
 Who has not hear'd that *Polydore* cou'd throw
 Th' unerring dart to wound the flying doe ?
 How leave the swiftest at the race behind,
 How mount the courser, and outstrip the wind ?
 With melting sweetness, or with magic fire,
 Breathe the soft flute, or strike the louder yre ?
 From that fam'd lyre no vulgar music sprung,
 The Graces tun'd it, and Apollo strung.

Apollo too was once a shepherd swain,
 And fed the flock, and grac'd the rustic plain.
 He taught what charms to rural life belong,
 The social sweetness, and the sylvan song ;
 He taught, fair Wisdom in her grove to woo,
 Her joys how precious, and her wants how few !
 The savage herds in mute attention stood,
 And ravish'd *Echo* fill'd the vocal wood ;
 The sacred Sisters, stooping from their sphere,
 Forgot their golden harps, intent to hear.

Till Heav'n the scene survey'd with jealous eyes,
And Jove, in envy call'd him to the skies.

Young *Polydore* was rich in large domains,
In smiling pastures, and in flowery plains :
With these, he boasted each exterior charm,
To win the prudent, and the cold to warm ;
To act the tenderness he never felt,
In sorrow soften, and in anguish melt.
The sigh elaborate, the fraudulent tear,
The joy dissembled, and the well-feign'd fear,
All these were his ; and his the treach'rous art
That steals the guileless and unpractis'd heart.

Too soon he heard of *Lindamira's* fame,
'Twas each enamour'd Shepherd's fav'rite theme ;
Return'd the rising, and the setting sun,
The Shepherd's fav'rite theme was never done,
They prais'd her wit, her worth, her shape, her air !
And even inferior beauties thought her fair.

Such sweet perfection all his wonder mov'd :
He saw, admir'd, nay, fancied that he lov'd :
But *Polydore* no real passion knew,
Lost all to truth in feigning to be true.
No sense of tenderness could warm a heart,
Too proud to feel, too selfish to impart.

Cold as the snows of *Rhodope* descend,
And with the chilling waves of *Hebrus* blend ;
So cold the breast where *vanity* presides,
And mean self-love the bosom feelings guides.

Too well he knew to make his conquest sure;
 Win her soft heart, yet keep his own secure.
 So oft he told the well imagin'd tale,
 So oft he swore—how shou'd he not prevail ?
 Too unsuspecting not to be deceiv'd,
 The well-imagin'd tale the nymph believ'd ;
 She lov'd the youth, she thought herself belov'd,
 Nor blush'd to praise whom every maid approv'd.
 Alas ! that youth, from *Lindamira* far,
 For newer conquests wages cruel war ;
 With other nymphs on other plains he roams,
 Where injur'd *Lindamira* never comes ;
 Laughs at her easy faith, insults her woe,
 Nor pities tears himself had taught to flow.

And now her eye's soft radiance seem'd to fail,
 And now the crimson of her cheek grew pale ;
 The lily there, in faded beauty, shews
 Its sickly empire o'er the vanquish'd rose.
 Devouring sorrow marks her for his prey,
 And slow and certain mines his silent way.
 Yet, as apace her ebbing life declin'd,
 Increasing strength sustain'd her firmer mind.
 ' O had my heart been hard as his,' she cried,
 ' An hapless victim thus I had not died :
 ' If there be gods, and gods there surely are,
 ' Insulted virtue doubtless is their care.

' Then hasten righteous Heaven ! my tedious fate,
 ' Shorten my woes, and end my mortal date :
 Quick let your power transform this failing frame,
 ' Let me be any thing but what I am !
 ' And since the cruel woes I'm doom'd to feel,
 ' Proceed, alas ! from having lov'd too well ;
 ' Grant me some form where love can have no part,
 ' Nor human weakness reach my guarded heart.
 ' If pity has not left your blest abodes
 ' Change me to flinty adamant, ye gods ;
 ' To hardest rock, or monumental stone,
 ' Rather than let me know the pangs I've known,
 ' So shall I thus no farther torments prove,
 ' Nor taunting rivals say, ' she died for love.'
 ' For sure if aught can aggravate our fate,
 ' 'Tis scorn, or pity from the breast we hate.'
 She said,—the gods accord the sad request ;
 For when were pious pray'rs in vain address ?

Now, strange to tell ! if rural folks say true,
 To harden'd rock the stiffening damsel grew ;
 No more her shapeless features can be known,
 Stone is her body, and her limbs are stone ;
 The growing rock invades her beauteous face,
 And quickly petrifies each living grace ;
 The stone her stature nor her shape retains,
 The nymph is vanish'd, but the rock remains.
 Yet wou'd her heart its vital spirits keep,
 And scorn to mingle with the marble heap.

When babling Fame the fatal tidings bore,
 Grief seized the soul of perjur'd *Polydore* ;
 Despair and horror robb'd his soul of rest,
 And deep compunction wrung his tortur'd breast,
 Then to the fatal spot in haste he hied,
 And plung'd a deadly poniard in his side :
 He bent his dying eyes upon the stone,
 And, ' Take sweet maid,' he cried, ' my parting groan.*'
 Fainting, the steel he grasp'd, and as he fell,
 The weapon pierc'd the rock he lov'd so well ;
 The guiltless steel assail'd the mortal part,
 And stabb'd the vital, vulnerable heart,
 The life-blood issuing from the wounded stone,
 Blends with the crimson current of his own.
 And tho' revolving ages since have past,
 The meeting torrents undiminish'd last ;
 Still gushes out the sanguine stream amain,
 The standing wonder of the stranger swain.

Now once a year, so rustic records tell,
 When o'er the heath resounds the midnight bell ;
 On eve of Midsummer that foe to sleep,
 What time young maids their annual vigils keep,
 The * tell-tale shrub fresh gather'd to declare
 The swains who false ; from those who constant are ;

When

* *Midsummer-men, consulted as oracles by village maids.*

When ghosts in clanking chains the church-yard walk.
 And to the wondering ear of fancy talk :
 When the scar'd maid steals trembling thro' the grove,
 To kiss the tomb of him who died for love :
 When, with long watchings, *Care*, at length oppress,
 Steals broken pauses of uncertain rest ;
 Nay *Grief* short snatches of repose can take.
 And nothing but *Despair* is quite awake :
 Then, at that hour, so still, so full of fear,
 When all things horrible to thought appear,
 Is perjur'd *Polydore* observ'd to rove
 A ghastly spectre thro the gloomy grove ;
 Then to the Rock, the *Bleeding Rock* repair,
 Where sadly sighing, it dissolves to air.

Still when the hours of solemn rites return,
 The village train in sad procession mourn ;
 Pluck every weed which might the spot disgrace.
 And plant the fairest field-flow'rs in their place.
 Around no noxious plant, or floweret grows,
 But the first daffodil, and earliest rose :
 The snow-drop spreads its whitest bosom here,
 And golden cowslips grace the vernal year :
 Here the pale primrose takes a fairer hue,
 And every violet boasts a brighter blue.
 Here builds the wood-lark, here the faithful dove
 Laments her lost, or wooes her living love.
 Secure from harm is every hallow'd nest,
 The spot is sacred where true lovers rest.

To guard the rock from each malignant sprite
 A troop of guardian spirits watch by night
 Aloft in air each takes his little stand,
 The neighb'ring hill is hence call'd *Fairy Land**

B L I S S,

By Dr. YOUNG.

MUCH is talk'd of bliss ; it is the art
 Of such as have the world in their possession,
 To give it a good name, that fools may envy :
 For envy to small minds is flattery.
 How many lift the head, look gay, and smile,
 Against their consciences ! And this we know ;
 Yet, knowing, disbelieve ; and try again
 What we have tried, and struggle with conviction :
 Each new experience gives the former credit,
 And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher,
 That thirty told is true.

THE

* *By contraction Failand, a hill well known in Somersetshire ; not far from this is The Bleeding Rock, from which constantly issues a crimson current,*

T H E
S P L E N D I D S H I L L I N G ,

An Imitation of Milton,

By JOHN PHILLIPS.

- - - - ' Sing, heavenly muse, - - - -
' Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,*
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and strife,
In silken, or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's-Magpye, or Town-Hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis; he each circling glass
Wistheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Mean while, he smoaks, and laughs at merry tale,
Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wret ched repast!) my meagre corps sustain;
Then

* Two noted Ale-houses in Oxford.

Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers ; or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent :
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
 Smoaks Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwalader and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th'Arvonian mart,
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
 Yclip'd Brechina, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
 Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends,
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls, I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What shou'd I do ? or whither turn ? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of woodhole ; strait my bristling hairs erect

Thro'

Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
 So horrible he seems! his faded brow
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters, and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods avert
 Such plagues from righteous men;) behind him stalks
 Another monster not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms
 Erst have endu'd, if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
 In durance strict detain him, till in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
 This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdué in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch

With

With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
 Grimalkin to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
 Arachne in a hall, or kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands
 Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue ;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make : with eager strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils ;
 Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelop, and th'inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and cracking blaze of wood ;
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,

Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or loverpendent on a willow-tree.

Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless with, and rave ; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the suns genial rays
 Mature, John-Apple, nor the downy Peach,
 Nor Walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor Medlar-fruit, delicious in decay :
 Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
 My Galligaskins that have long withstood
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue !)
 An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
 Euris and Aufter, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,

Portending

Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruizing near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla, or Charibdis (dang'rous rocks)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea, in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize
 The mariners, death in their eyes appears.
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
 (Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in, [pray :
 Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
 The ship links found'ring in the vast abyss.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH,

By JOHN RANNIE.

*I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most precious to me. SHAKESPEAR.*

SCENES of my youth! ye once were dear,
Tho' sadly I your charms survey;

I once was wont to linger here,
From early dawn to closing day.

Scenes of my youth! pale sorrow flings

A shade o'er all your beauties now;
And robs the moments of their wings,

That scatter'd pleasure as they flew.
While, still, to heighten every care.

Reflection tells me, such things were,

'Twas here a tender mother strove

To keep my happiness in view;

I smil'd beneath a parent's love,

That soft compassion ever knew.

In whom the virtues all combin'd;

On whom I could with faith rely;

To whom my heart and soul were join'd

By mild affection's primal tie!

Who smiles in Heav'n, exempt from care,

Whilst I remember such things were!

'Twas

'Twas here (where calm and tranquil rest
O'er pays the peasant for his toil)

That, first in blessing, I was blest

With glowing friendship's open smile.

My friend, far distant doom'd to roam,

Now braves the fury of the seas :

He fled his peaceful happy home,

His little fortune to increase.

While bleeds afresh the wound of care,

When I remember such things were !

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming grove,

I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,

Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love ;

And melted in my youthful arms.

Tho' hard the soul-conflicting strife,

Yet fate, the cruel tyrant bore

Far from my sight, the charm of life—

The lovely maid whom I adore.

It fills my soul with tender care,

When I remember such things were.

Here first I saw the morn appear

Of guileless pleasure's shining day ;

I met the dazzling brightness here.

Here mark'd the soft declining ray :

—Beheld the skies whose streaming light

Gave splendor to the parting sun ;

Now lost in sorrow's sable night !

And all their mingled glories gone :

Till death, in pity end my care,

I must remember such things were.

DAMON AND ALFREDA

By JOHN RANNIE.

THE summer night was clear and still ;
The sea was smooth, the winds were low ;
And from its source the village rill,
Retir'd with mournful lapse and flow.
The nightingale complain'd aloud,
The sorrowing dove prolong'd her moan,
And, smiling from the snowy cloud,
The moon with soften'd lustre shone.

The lucid stars through azure skies,
All beauteous glow'd. with silvery shene ;
While fair Alfreda's lovely eyes
With milder lustre grac'd the scene.
As o'er a barren rock she lean'd*,
And view'd the wat'ry swell below,
She thus her pensive bosom strain'd,
With themes of recollected woe.

' When doom'd by unrelenting fate,
' My charmer fled his native land,
' What agonies did love create,
' As blooming Damon left the strand?

' As

* See the Vignette.

- ‘ As hov’ring o’er the vessel’s side,
 - ‘ I saw the foaming billows roll,
 - ‘ And strength’ning breezes lift the tide,
 - ‘ A louder tempest sway’d my soul.
 - ‘ I gave to grief the tender tear,
 - ‘ Which melted on my Damon’s heart,
 - ‘ As struck on my astonish’d ear,
 - ‘ The dreaded signal of “Depart.”
 - ‘ Encircled in his fond embrace.
 - ‘ I strove to lengthen our adieu,
 - ‘ Till from that shrine of matchless grace,
 - ‘ Forc’d by a rude unfeeling crew.
 - ‘ And swift, unheld by love’s controul,
 - ‘ O’er breaking waves the vessel flew,
 - ‘ I saw the day-star of my soul
 - ‘ Decline from my enquiring view.
 - ‘ My eyes, while fast he urg’d his flight,
 - ‘ Pursu’d the object of their care ;
 - ‘ My tearful eyes pursu’d, till sight
 - ‘ Was lost in undistinguish’d air !’
-

T H E
B A S T A R D,

By RICHARD SAVAGE.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began :
Blest be the Bastard's birth ! through wond'rous ways
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze !
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race :
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope no fire's example bounds ;
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame ;
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.

Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed ;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice controul,
His body independant as his soul ;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name :
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.

O Mother, yet no mother ! 'tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,

From

From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
 From ties maternal, moral, and divine,
 Discharg'd my grasping soul ; push'd me from shore,
 And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
 By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
 Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
 And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
 You had faint drawn me with a form alone.
 A lawful lump of life, by force your own !
 Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
 And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
 I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
 Load of your life, and motive of your care ;
 Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
 The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state ~~was I~~ ;
 Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
 And slumb'ring in a seat by chance my own.

Far nobler blessings wait the Bassard's lot ;
 Conceived in rapture, and with fire begot !
 Strong as necessity, he starts away,
 Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
 I sung : gay flutt'ring hope my fancy fir'd ;
 Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
 Nor taught by wisdom how to balance will,
 Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
 But thought to purpose and to act were one ;

Heedless

Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
 Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray ;
 But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
 I fly to shelter, while the tempests press ;
 My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
 The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.

O Memory ! thou soul of joy and pain !
 Thou actor of our passions o'er again !
 Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe ?
 Why add continuous smart to ev'ry blow ?
 Few are my joys ; alas, how soon forgot !
 On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not :
 While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall ;
 Yet thou repeat'st and multipli'st them all !

Is chance a guilt ? that my disastrous heart,
 For mischief never meant, must ever smart ?
 Can self-defence be sin ?—Ah, plead no more !
 What tho' no purpos'd malice stain thee o'er,
 Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
 Thou had'st not been provok'd—or thou had'st died.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
 On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall ;
 Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me
 To me, through pity's eye condemn'd to see !
 Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his rage,
 Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
 Young and unthoughtful then, who knows, one day,
 What ripening virtues might have made their way !

He

He might have liv'd till folly died in shame.
 Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
 He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd ;
 Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd ;
 He might have fav'd some worth now doom'd to fall ;
 And I perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate of late repentance, always vain !
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
 Where shall my hope find rest ?—No Mother's care
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer :
 No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
 Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd,
 Is it not thine to snatch some pow'rful arm,
 First to advance, then skreen from future harm ?
 Am I return'd from death, to live in pain ?
 Or would imperial pity save in vain ?
 Distrust it not—what blame can mercy find,
 Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind ?

Mother miscall'd, farewell !—of soul severe,
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear :
 All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd ;
 Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd !

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
 And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
 New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
 But dare not whisper her immortal name ;
 Supremely lovely, and serenely great !
 Majestic Mother of a kneeling State !

QUEEN

QUEEN of a people's heart, who ne'er before
 Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
 One contest yet remains in this desire,
 Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

FAITH AND REASON,

By Dr. YOUNG.

FOND as we are, and justly fond, of faith,
 Reason, we grant, demands our first regard,
 The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
 Reason the root, fair faith is but the flow'r ;
 The fading flow'r shall die ; but reason lives
 Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
 When faith is virtue, reason makes it so.
 Wrong not the Christian ; think not reason yours :
 'Tis reason that our Master holds so dear ;
 'Tis reason's injur'd rights His wrath resents ;
 'Tis reason's voice obey'd His glories crown ;
 To give lost reason life. He pour'd his own :
 Believe, and shew the reason of a man ;
 Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God ;
 Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb ;
 Tho' reason's wounds alone thy faith can die ;
 Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
 And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

ODE

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON,

By Mr. COLLINS.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland's pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is dress'd,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
Thy friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep ;

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,

Ah! what will every dirge avail?

Or tears, which love and pity shed,

That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye

Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?

With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,

And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose fullen tide

No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,

Now waft me from the green-hill's side

Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy vallies fade,

Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!

Yet once again, dear parted shade,

Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to blest

Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!

Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress

With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay

Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:

O vales; and wild woods, shall he say,

In yonder grave a Druid lies.

T H E
PROGRESS of POESY

By MR. GRAY.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
Now rolling down the steep again,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the fullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft controul
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirstly lance at thy command.
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic hush the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

E 2

Thce

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet green
 The rosy-crowned loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day,
 With antic sports and blue-eyed pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet ;
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many twinkling feet.
 Slow meeting strains their Queen's approach declare :
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
 Labour and penury, the racks of pain,
 Disease, and sorrow's weeping train ;
 And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky :

Till

Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and gen'rous shame,
Th'unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's sleep ;
Isles, that crown th'Ægean deep ;
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rins creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around ;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound ;

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains,
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r ;
 And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They fought, O Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd,
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine to these golden keys, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time.
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.

Behold

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courfers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—
O lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great!

T H E
T E A R S O F S C O T L A N D ,

By Dr. SMOLLET.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become they prey of war :
Bethinks him of his babes and wife ;
Then smites his breast, and curses life,
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undimish'd blaze ?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke ;
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The

The rural pipe, and merry lay,
 No more shall cheer the happy day :
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night :
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe ;
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
 The sons against their fathers stood ;
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

The pious mother doom'd to death,
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend ;
 And, stretch'd beneath th'inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns ;
 Resentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breasts shall beat ;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow :
 ' Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 ' Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !'

O D E T O M I R T H,

By Dr. SMOLLET.

PARENT of joy ! heart-easing mirth !
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born !
 Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of grief forlorn :
 Thy glitt'ring colours gay
 Around him, Mirth, display ;
 And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence :
 So shall each hill, in purer green array'd,
 And flower-adorn'd in new-born beauty glow ;
 The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade.
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
 Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
 And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day,
Labour

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
 And aged poverty can smile with thee;
 If thou be nigh, grief's hate is vain,
 And weak th'uplifted arm of tyranny.

The morning opes on high
 His universal eye;
 And on the world doth pour
 His glories in a golden show'r.

Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:

The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
 Troop in her rear, and fly th'approach of morn.
 Pale shiv'ring ghosts, that dread th'all-cheering light
 Quick as the lightning's flash glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladd'ning beam
 That pours his purple stream

O'er the long prospect wide?

'Tis mirth. I see her sit

In majesty of light,

With laughter at her side.

Bright-eyed fancy hovering near

Wide waves her glancing wing in air;

And young wit flings his pointed dart,

That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now affliction's pow'r,

Fear not now wild passion's rage;

Nor fear ye aught, in evil hour,

Save the tardy hand of age.

Now

Now mirth has heard the suppliant poet's pray'r
 No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

The REASON for describing the Vices of the VILLAGE

By Mr. CRABBE,

YET why, you ask, these humble crimes relate,
 Why make the poor as guilty as the great?
 To shew the great, those mightier sons of pride,
 How near in vice the lowest are allied;
 Such are their natures, and their passions such,
 But these disguise too little, those too much:
 So shall the man of pow'r and pleasure see
 In his own slave as vile a wretch as he,
 In his luxuriant lord the servant find
 His own low pleasures and degenerate mind;
 And each in all the kindred vices trace
 Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race;
 Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
 Die, and are equal in the dust at last.
 And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
 Forbear to envy those you reckon great;
 And know, amid those blessings they possess,
 They are, like you, the victims of distress;
 While sloth with many a pang torments her slave,
 Fear waits on guilt, and danger stakes the brave.

CE



Engraved by J. Roach.

Engraved by J. Roach.

*To rocks and seas I fly from Pharon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.*

As the Act directs, by J. Roach, opposite the Pit door of new Swan Theatre, March 1794.

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A

*Engraved by J. Roach.
The Little*

The
LAST DAY,

by Dr Edward Young.

SAPPHO to PHAON,

by Alexander Pope Esq.^r.

Reflections on a Future State,

by James Thomson.

A WINTER PIECE,



*Alas! Alas! my lovely baby and warm cheeks in my breast;
Catie thinks thy Father how sully we're distressed!*

LONDON.

at J. Roach, Royal Court opposite the Pit door of new Drury Theatre Royal 173

Price Six Pence.

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TO THE
QUEEN.

MADAM,

MY only title to the great honor I now do myself, is the obligation I have formerly received from your royal indulgence ; which I remember with the utmost gratitude. I was indeed uneasy, 'till I had bethought myself of some means of relieving my heart, by expressing its acknowledgment. My inclination carried me to poetry ; your virtues determined me to sacred poetry above all other ; and in that kind there is no subject more exalted and affecting, than this which I have chosen. Its very first mention snatches away the soul to the borders of eternity, surrounds it with wonders, opens to it on every hand the most surprising scenes of awe and astonishment, and terminates its view with nothing less than the fulness of glory, and the throne of God.

BUT this may seem a very improper season for any thing of so grave and solemn a nature to present itself before you, and mingle with the gaiety and splendor of universal joy and thanksgiving: yet if we consider that the

Vol. II. 8. A thoughts

thoughts which you will meet in the following pages, are such as are ever uppermost in your own heart ; and that in all probability, those great blessings, which your people now enjoy, are the reward of that religious bent of mind, and virtuous disposition in their prince ; I hope that may seem less foreign and unseasonable, which is the root of the felicity now flourishing among us, and shedding its ripened fruits upon our land.

THEY are strangers to your Majesty, who think, when they write to the British throne, that victories and triumphs must be their constant theme ; they know not there is something you hold much dearer than either your fortune or your glory. They have not attended to your unbounded charities ; they have not heard of your royal care and generosity to those who serve at the holy altar ; they never sufficiently admired your resolution of building magnificently to the Lord, and setting wide the gates of salvation : in a word, they are still to be informed, that prudent councils and successful arms, well-ordered states, and humbled foes, are only the second glories of your most illustrious reign.

IT is, Madam, a prospect truly great, to behold you seated on your throne, surrounded with your faithful counsellors, and mighty men of war, issuing forth commands to your own people, or giving audience to the great princes and powerful rulers of the earth. But why should we confine your glory here ? I am pleased to see
you

you rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, leaving the fixed stars behind you ; nor will I lose you there, but keep you still in view through the boundless spaces on the other side of creation, in your journey towards eternal bliss, until I behold the heaven of heavens opens, and angels receiving, and conveying you still onward from the stretch of my imagination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to the earth.

WHAT a panegyric is it on human nature to consider, that it shall come to pass in some future time, through which the thread of your existence shall run, that you yourself may forget this glorious year, or make its remembrance only serve by comparison to recommend superior honors, and more splendid renown ? Let us tremble at the power of God, and adore the profusion of his goodness on us his creatures ? We behold thee, O Queen ! greater in peace than war, great in thy alliance, great in thyself ; we see thee blessing thy people, and composing the strifes of Europe ; we survey thee in this full light, this blaze of sublunary greatness, and own thy glory is not yet begun.

SUCH thoughts might appear too warm and affected on another occasion ; but they are so natural to him who presents such a theme to such a Queen, that they are not without violence to be suppressed. When at your royal leisure you turn over the following sheets, if you find any

thing that encourages virtue, or disheartens vice, let it intercede for pardon of my many defects and errors.

THAT your reign may be as pious as it is glorious, and give posterity as many instances of exemplary virtue and religion as it will of eminent talents, and extraordinary capacities ; that it may not only shine in history, and be great in the annals of the earth, but also be set down in the observation of angels, and with distinguished characters be written in the book of life, to give joy at the Great Day ; is the constant prayer of him who is, as most particularly obliged to be,

Your Majesty's most humble,

And most obedient Subject,

EDWARD YOUNG.

T H E
L A S T D A Y,

By EDWARD YOUNG.

BOOK I.

*Ipse pater media nimborum in nocte, coruscæ
Fulmina molitur dextra ; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes, humilis stravit pavor.* VIRGIL.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great ;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state ;
With Britain's hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds aspire ;
I draw a deeper scene : a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields ;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan ;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.

A 3

Whatever

* The Duke of Marlborough.

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
 Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
 Is far beneath my daring : I look down
 On all the splendors of the British crown !
 This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;
 Attend me all ye glorious worlds around !
 O ! all ye Angels, howsoever disjoin'd,
 Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
 Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays,
 'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise,

But chiefly thou, Great Ruler ! Lord of all !
 Before whose throne arch-angels prostrate fall ;
 If at thy nod, from discord, and from night
 Sprang Beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
 Exalt e'en me : all inward tumults quell ;
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispell ;
 To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
 And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.

Man bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
 In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face :
 See spring's gay bloom ; see golden autumn's store ;
 See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
 Leviathians but heaves their cumbrous mail,
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.
 Here, forests rise, the mountain's awful price ;
 Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide :
 There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
 Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds :

There

There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
 And into distant lands their shades extend.
 View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,
 See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride:
 View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,
 Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise ;
 'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise,
 How far from east to west ? the lab'ring eye
 Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry :
 Wide theatre ; where tempests play at large,
 And God's right hand can all its wraths discharge.
 Mark how these radiant lamps inflame the pole,
 Call forth the seasons, and the year controul :
 They shine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray :
 See this grand period rise, and that decay :
 So vast, this world's a grain ; yet myriads grace
 With golden pomp the throng'd ethereal space ;
 So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd
 'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears !
 How worthy an immortal round of years !
 Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
 And earth and firmament be sought in vain :
 The track forgot where constellations shone,
 Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne :
 Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
 Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner

Sooner or latter, in some future date,
 (A dreadful secret in the book of fate !)
 This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
 Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose ;
 When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
 Old empires fall, and give new empires birth.
 While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
 And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes ;
 While the still busy world is treading o'er
 The paths they trod five thousand years before,
 Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
 Of earth dissolv'd or an extinguish'd sun.

(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake !
 Ye rulers of the nations, hear and shake !)
 Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day ;
 In sudden night all earth's dominions lay ;
 Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend ;
 Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend ;
 The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
 And break the bondage of his wonted shore ;
 A sanguine stain the silver moon o'er-spread ;
 Darkness the circle of the sun invade ;
 From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll
 And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When lo ! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
 In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
 Shall pour a dreadful note : the piercing call,
 Shall rattle in the centre of the ball ;

Th'

Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

O pow'rful blast ! to which no equal sound,
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Tho' God's whole enginry discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd ? and shall not man beware ?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind ;
None are supinely good ; thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best ;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would this great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;
Such deep impressions would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake ;

Engag'd

Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
 And look regardless down on sea and land ;
 Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
 And death might shake his threatening lance in vain ;
 Her certain conquest would endear the fight
 And danger serve but to supply delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
 Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing ;
 More boldly we our labours may pursue,
 And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
 The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
 All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
 Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake :
 The sling once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise,
 In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes ;
 We view with joy, what once did horror move,
 And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
 Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night ;
 Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
 The last extremes of terror and despair ;
 Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
 This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn ! the blefsful earth who late
 At leisure on her axle roll'd in state ?
 While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
 Still onward in their circling journey prest ;

A grateful

A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
 And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring :
 Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel,
 And some those watry worlds to sink, or swell
 Around her some their splendors to display,
 And gild her globe with tributary day :
 This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
 Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
 Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
 Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
 No sun in radiant glory shines on high ;
 No light but from the terrors of the sky ;
 Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
 And all into her second chaos tost :
 One universal ruin spreads abroad ;
 Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate ! what then canst thou afford
 To comfort, and support thy guilty lord ?
 Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
 How must he bend his soul's ambition down ?
 Prostrate the reptile own, and disavow
 His boasted stature, and assuming brow ?
 Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
 That speaks distinction from his sister worm ?
 What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade ?
 Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made ?
 Who can sustain thy anger ? who can stand
 Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand ?

It flies the reach of thought ; oh save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour !
 Thou, who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
 And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood ;
 Thou, who for me thro' ev'ry throbbing vein
 Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain ;
 Whom death led captive thro' the realms below,
 And caught those horrid mysteries of woe ;
 Defend me, oh my God ! oh save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour !

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
 Imploring shelter from the wrath divine ;
 Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
 Or rocks to yawn compassionately deep :
 Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
 And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown ;
 While death sits threat'ning in his Prince's frown,
 His heart's dismay'd ; and now his fears command
 To change his native for a distant land :
 Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
 Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea ;
 The port he seeks obedient to her lord,
 Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day ?
 This time elaborately thrown away ?
 Words all in vain pant after the distress,
 The height of eloquence would make it less :
 Heav'n ! e'en the good man trembles.

And

And is there a last day ? and must there come
 A sure, a fixt inexorable doom ?
 Ambition swell, and thy proud sails to show,
 Take all the winds that vanity can blow :
 Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,
 And reach an India forth in either hand ;
 Spread all thy purple clusers, tempting vine,
 And thou, more dreadful foe, bright beauty shine ;
 Shine all ; in all your charms together rise ;
 That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
 While I mount upward on a strong desire,
 Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd !
 To smile at death ! to long to be dissolv'd !
 From our decays a pleasure to receive !
 And kindle into transport at a grave !
 What equals this ? and shall the victor now
 Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow ?
 Religion ! oh thou cherub, heavenly bright !
 Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight !
 Thou, thou art all ; nor find I in the whole
 Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
 Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
 Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
 And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame ?
 They all for him pursue, or quit their end ;
 The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend ;
 Vol. II. 8. B In

In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
 To rest and silence aw'd by his command :
 Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
 By nature dreadful, and a-thirst for blood,
 His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
 And turn to mild protectors of mankind.

Did not the Prophet this great truth maintain
 In the deep chambers of the gloomy main ;
 When darkness round him all its horrors spread,
 And the sea bellow'd o'er his sinking head ?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
 And all the warring winds tumultuous rise ;
 When now the foaming surges tost on high,
 Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky :
 When death draws near, mariners aghast
 Look back with terror on their actions past ;
 Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
 Their hearts thro' fear and anguish melt away ;
 Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease ;
 Now they devote their treasure to the seas ;
 Unload their shatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,
 And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought,
 With gems and gold ; but oh, the storm so high !
 Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling Prophet then, themselves to save,
 They headlong plunge into the briny wave ;
 Down he descends, and booming o'er his head
 The billows close ; he's number'd with the dead.

(Hear,

(Hear, O ye just ! attend, ye virtuous few !
 And the bright paths of piety pursue.)
 Lo ! the great Ruler of the world from high
 Looks smiling down with a propitious eye.
 Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
 And bids tempestuous nature silent stand ;
 Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
 Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace :
 He bridles in the monsters of the deep,
 The bridled monsters awful distance keep ;
 Forget their hunger, while they view their prey ;
 And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders ; nature's Lord
 Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word
 And calls the great leviathan : the great
 Leviathan attends in all his state ;
 Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
 Makes the sea shake, and heaven and earth resound ;
 Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
 And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air,
 Struggles for vent, and lays the center bare,
 The whale expands his jaws enormous size,
 The Prophet views the cavern with surprize ;
 Measures his monstrous teeth afar descry'd,
 And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side ;
 Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
 And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
 And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,
 Or falls immerst into the deeps below,
 Where the dead silent waters never flow;
 To the foundations of the hills convey'd
 Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade:
 Where plummet never reached he draws breath,
 And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
 Thro' labyrinths of rocks, and sands he roves:
 When the third morning with its level rays
 The mountain gilds, and on the billows plays,
 It sees the king of waters rise and pour
 His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore:
 A type of that great blessing, which the muse
 In her next labour ardently pursues.

BOOK II.

*We hope, that the departed will rise again from the dust:
 after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.*

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
 Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.

Whate'er

Whate'er the bold, the rash adventure cost,
In wide eternity I dare be lost.

The muses wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.

I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to human kind :

I sing to men and angels ; angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine,

Again the trumpet's intermitted sound,
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,

An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air ;

In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep,

To smoothe and lengthen out th'unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust,

Now carnels rattle ; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones obsequious to the call,

Self-mov'd advance ; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head, the distant legs, the feet.

Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,

To distant regions journeying there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord

Yet one day lost, this deity below
 Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
 His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
 And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
 No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
 Bid with due horror his great soul farewell.
 Obscure his fall ! all welt'ring in his gore,
 His trunk was cast to perish on the shore !
 While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
 Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
 This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
 Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
 The trumpet's sound each vagrant note shall hear,
 Or fix'd in earth, or if aloft in air,
 Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
 And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
 In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
 Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'ring's end,
 And gently circling on a bough descend.
 The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
 Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
 Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
 Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid ;
 Or rather coasted on her final state,
 And fear'd, or wish'd for her appointed fate :
 This soul returning with a constant flame,
 Now weds for ever her immortal frame.

Life,

Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies ;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious * dome,
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, and wise, and just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust ;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing over sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows : a numerous race
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space.
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and fliles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone and burial-earth ;
Labour with man to this second birth ;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.

The

* Westminster Abbey.

The most magnificent and costly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth, but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave,
All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner rise;
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others, whose long attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such in this day of horrors shall be seen
To face the thunders with a God-like mien,
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The center shakes, their heads disdain to move;
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on ev'ry side,
Serene the view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.
Oh wond'rous change! what unknown objects rise,
Shake my belief, and fill me with surprize?
Here, greatness prostrate falls, there, strength gives place;
Here, Lazars smile, there, beauty hides her face.
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.

Some

Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd,
 With zeal for distinct persuasions fir'd,
 In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
 And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm
 With juster confidence enjoy the storm,
 Than those, whose pious bounties unconfin'd
 Have made them public fathers of mankind.
 In that illustrious rank, what shining light
 With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
 Bend down, my grateful muse, that homage shew,
 Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
 Whickham! Fox! Chicheley! hail, illustrious * names.
 Who to far distant times dispense your beams;
 Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
 I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
 All hail, thrice honour'd! 'twas your great renown
 To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
 When other records length of years shall blast,
 In your adopted sons your fame shall last,
 And make those Kings to lasting ages known,
 Those happy monarchs under whom you shone:
 A moment shone, illustriously bright,
 Then left the morning world, and set in night;
 But now you rise eternally to shine,
 Eternally to drink the rays divine.
 Indulgent God! oh how shall mortal raise
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,

For

* *Founders of New College, Corpus Christi, and All Souls in Oxford.*

For bounty so profuse to human kind,
 Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind ?
 Shall I, who some few years ago was less
 Than worm, or mite or shadow can express,
 Was nothing : shall I live, when ev'ry fire
 Of ev'ry star shall languish or expire ?
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move ?
 Or as before the throne of God I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how Michael sung or fought ?
 All that has being in full concert join,
 And celebrate the depths of Love Divine ?

But oh ! before this blissful state, before
 Th' aspiring soul this wond'rous height can soar,
 The judge descending, thunders from afar,
 And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw :
 Attend great Anna with religious awe.
 Expect not here the known successful arts
 To win attention, and command our hearts ;
 Fiction be far away, let no machine
 Descending here, no fabled god be seen ;
 Behold the GOD of Gods indeed descend,
 And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.

Lo !

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race,
 At heav'n's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
 And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
 Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow,
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below.
 And ev'ry age, and nation pours along;
 Nimrod and Bourdon mingle in the throng:
 Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
 Of all those ages, which their birth disjoin.

How empty learning and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart?
 What volumes have been-swell'd what time been spent
 To fix a hero's birth-day or descent?
 What joy must it now yield, what raptures rise,
 To see the glorious race of ancient days?
 To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
 Illustrious on record before the flood?
 Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,
 Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands

How vast the concourse, not in number more
 The waves that break on the resounding shore,
 The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
 The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above.
 Those overwhelming armies, whose command
 Said to one empire, Fall; another, Stand:
 Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
 Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:

Grea

Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
 Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
 (Another blow had broke the fate's decree,
 And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)
 Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
 They all are here, and here they all are lost :
 Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
 ' For judgment, judgment sons of men prepare !'
 Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profounds,
 And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth
 Blest with most equal planets at thy birth ;
 Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
 Most realms united in one common lord ;
 Who on the day of triumph saidst, Be thine
 The skies, Jehovah, all the world is mine :
 Dare not to lift thine eye, alas ! my muse,
 How art thou lost ? what numbers canst thou chuse,

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
 And now the crimson curtains open fly ;
 Lo ! far within, and far above all height,
 Where heav'n's great sov'reign reigns in worlds of light.
 Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
 Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
 Creates, supports, confounds ! where time and place,
 Matter and form, and fortune, life and grace,

Wait

Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
 And more obedient at his awful nod ;
 Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
 At random on this air-suspended ball,
 (Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
 The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
 Sustains not such a rushing sea of light !
 I see on an empyreal flying throne
 Awfully rais'd, Heav'n's everlasting Son ;
 Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the world,
 And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
 Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
 Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
 A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
 Around him like the zodiac winds its light.
 Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
 And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
 Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
 Or we expect, or find a paradise :
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
 The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
 On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light,
 On one, the sword of justice fiercely bright.
 Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed ;
 Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed ?

But oh ! you sons of men, exalt your voice,
 And bid the soul through all her powers rejoice :

Mercy, his darling, in his bosom found,
 Scatters ambrosial odours all around ;
 Unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown,
 And sooths his rage, and melts his thunders down.
 My thoughts are chang'd ; now man exalt thine eye,
 In thy dread Judge thy dear Redeemer spy :
 E'en Judas struggles his despair to quell ;
 Hope almost blossoms in the shades of hell.
 Thus glorious through the court of heav'n, the source
 Of life and death eternal bends his course ;
 Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play ;
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array :
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell
 And mingling voices with rich concert swell ;
 Voices seraphic ; blest with such a strain,
 Cou'd Satan hear, he were a God again :
 All heav'n shines forth, in all her pomp compleat,
 For God, himself, magnificently great.
 Triumphant King of Glory ? Soul of bliss ?
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this !
 O ? whither art thou rais'd above the scorn,
 And indigence of him, in Bethlem born ;
 A needy, helpless, unaccounted guest,
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast ;
 How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made ?
 From him, who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and
 dy'd ;

Hung

Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
 All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?
 And was't enough to bid the sun retire?
 Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
 I see, I hear, I feel the pangs divine,
 The world is vanish'd. I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiphas! ah! which blasphem'd,
 Thou or thy prisoner? which shall be condemn'd?
 Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
 Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
 But God is good! 'tis wond'rous all! ev'n he
 Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
 From earth full twice a planetary height.
 There all the clouds condens'd, two columns rise,
 Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
 One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
 Its ample foot the swelling billows found.
 These an immeasurable arch support,
 The grand supporter of his awful court.
 Sheets of bright azure from the purest sky,
 Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns fly,
 Death wrapt in chains low at the basis lies,
 And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' Eternal Judge is plac'd,
 With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
 Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
 And the sun beams beneath his dreadful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
 From off his silver staff of wond'rous height,
 Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
 And shuts and opens more than half the skies :
 The cross so strong a red, it shades a slain,
 Where'er floats, on earth, in air, or main :
 Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
 And turns the deep dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory ! dreadful bright ?
 Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
 Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
 What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
 Say not (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
 Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream :
 Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
 Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
 But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
 How they with transport may the scene behold.

Ah how ! but by repentance, by a mind
 Quick, and severe its own offence to find ?
 By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
 And all the pious violence of pray'r ?
 Thus then with fervency till now unknown,
 I cast my heart before th'eternal throne,
 In this great temple, which the skies surround
 For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

‘ O thou !

- ‘ O thou ! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
- ‘ Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
- ‘ Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to flame,
- ‘ That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;
- ‘ Earth’s meanest son, with trembling, prostrate falls,
- ‘ And on the plenty of thy goodness calls.
- ‘ Ah ! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
- ‘ To scatter wide, and bury in the deep :
- ‘ Thy pow’r, my weakness may I ever see,
- ‘ And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.
- ‘ Reign o’er my will ; my passions ebb and flow
- ‘ At thy command, nor human motive know !
- ‘ If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
- ‘ And sin the graceful indignation raise.
- ‘ My love be warm to succour the distress’d,
- ‘ And life the burden from the soul oppress’d.
- ‘ Oh may my understanding ever read
- ‘ This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made !
- ‘ Who decks the maiden spring with flow’ry pride ?
- ‘ Who calls forth summer, like a sparkling bride ?
- ‘ Who joys the mother autumn’s bed to crown ?
- ‘ And bids old winter lay her honours down ?
- ‘ Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
- ‘ Not Europe’s arbitress of peace and war.
- ‘ May sea and land, and earth and heav’n be join’d,
- ‘ To bring th’ eternal Author to my mind.
- ‘ When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
- ‘ May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul ;

- ‘ When earth’s in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
- ‘ Adore, my heart, the Majesty Divine.
- ‘ Thro’ ev’ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
- ‘ Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
- ‘ Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
- ‘ Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
- ‘ Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
- ‘ The cluster blasts, or bids it richly flow;
- ‘ ’Tis thou that leads our profile armies forth,
- ‘ And giv’st great Anne thy sceptre o’er the north.
- ‘ Grant I may ever at the morning ray,
- ‘ Open with pray’r the consecrated day:
- ‘ Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
- ‘ And with the mounting sun ascend the skies;
- ‘ As that advances, let my zeal improve,
- ‘ And glow with ardour of consummate love;
- ‘ Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
- ‘ My endless worship shall be still begun.
- ‘ And oh! permit the gloom of solemn night,
- ‘ To sacred thought may forcibly invite
- ‘ When this world’s shut, and awful planets rise,
- ‘ Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
- ‘ Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
- ‘ And shew all nature in a milder light;
- ‘ How every boisterous thought in calms subsides!
- ‘ How the smooth’d spirit into goodness glides;
- ‘ O how divine! to tread the milky way,
- ‘ To the bright palace of the Lord of day;

‘ His

- ‘ His court admire, or for his favour sue,
- ‘ Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew ;
- ‘ Pleas’d to look down, and see the world asleep,
- ‘ While I long vigils to its founder keep.
- ‘ Canst thou not shake the centre ? oh controul,
- ‘ Subdue by force the rebel in my soul :
- ‘ Thou, who can still the raging of the flood,
- ‘ Restrain the various tumults of my blood ;
- ‘ Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
- ‘ Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
- ‘ O may I pant for thee in each desire !
- ‘ And with strong faith foment the holy fire !
- ‘ Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
- ‘ Which in eternity’s deep bosom lies !
- ‘ At the great day of recompence behold,
- ‘ Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !
- ‘ Then waded upward to the blefsful seat,
- ‘ From age to age my grateful song repeat ;
- ‘ My light, my life, my God, my saviour see,
- ‘ And rival angels in the praise of thee.’

BOOK III.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affert tempus,

Quo mare, quo tellus; correptaque regia cæli

Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret.

OVID.

THE unfolding, the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels, tremendous fate

Of

Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,
 And all the horrors of the world below,
 I next presume to sing : what yet remains
 Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
 And let the muse or now affect the sky,
 Or in inglorious shades for ever lye.
 She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal ;
 She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole ;
 The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
 And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
 Heav'n opening all its sacred pomp displays.
 And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze !
 The triumph rings ! archangels shout around !
 And echoing nature lengthens out the sound !

Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance ;
 No deepest silence lulls the vast expanse :
 So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
 As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.
 Nor man, nor angel moves ; the Judge on high
 Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky,
 Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
 When high to view supporting seraphs raise ;
 In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
 The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
 Not guilty fear, nor fancy's self can draw
 A meeting more august, of greater awe.
 And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden pray'r,
 And let the thought sink deep !) shalt thou be there ?

See

See on the left, (for by the great command
 The throng divided falls on either hand)
 How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
 What more than death, in every face and mien !
 With what distress, and glarings of affright,
 They shock the heart, and turn away the sight ?
 In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
 And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
 Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
 And ev'ry groan is loaded with despair.
 Reader, if guilty, spare the muse and find
 A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
 And all the soft companions of thy life,
 Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
 Whose mix'd desires sent up one common aim,
 Divided far ; thy wretched self alone
 Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known ;
 How wou'd it wound, what millions wou'd'st thou give
 For one more trial, one day more to live ?
 Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
 To grasp with eagerness the means of grace ;
 Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
 And in that moment to redeem an age ?
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air
 Restrain the sun ; but still of this despair.

Mark on the right, how amiable a grace !
 Their Maker's Image fresh in ev'ry face !

What

What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires !
 Triumphant beauty ! charms that rise above
 This world, and in blest angels kindle love !
 To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn ;
 Its flash sustain, against its terrors rise,
 And on the dread Tribunal fix their eyes.
 Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust ?
 O the transcendant glory of the just !
 Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
 Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws nigh
 Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
 Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
 And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
 Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
 Leap forth at once, and snatch the glorious prize,
 In flame his woe, by bringing it so late,
 And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
 Now into one distinct survey is cast.
 Look round, vain glorious muse, and you whoe'er
 Devote yourself to fame, and think her fair,
 Look round, and, view the lights of human race,
 Whose shining acts time's brightest annals grace ;
 Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd, or resign'd ;
 Give names to nations ; or fam'd empires join'd ;

Who

Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low ;
 And taught obedient rivers where to flow ;
 Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
 Cou'd bind the madness of the roaring main :
 All lost ! all undistinguish'd ! no where found
 How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound !
 Round gilded roofs how heavy will it fly !
 With what a weight on crowns and sceptres lye ?
 E'en great and good Augustus is not seen,
 For haughty Babylon's victorious Queen.

What then is he, * who amidst the radiant bands
 Of spotless saints, and laurel'd martyrs stands,
 Conspicuous from afar ? whose rays so bright
 Solicit, and attract the ravish'd sight ;
 In whom I see two distant virtues join'd,
 A royal greatness, and an humble mind ;
 His lifted hands his lofty neck surround,
 To hide the scarlet of a circling wound ;
 Th' Almighty Judge bends forward from his throne,
 These scars to mark, and then regards his own.
 Jerusalem's foundations groan aloud,
 And Albion sinks beneath her ambient cloud.

Not far, methinks, I kindred features trace
 In a majestic, tho' a female, face,
 Her consort by : around them smiling move
 The beauteous blossoms of their fruitful love :

Known

* King CHARLES I.

Known of their parents, they their parents know ;
 Their bosoms with a double transport glow ;
 Blest in themselves, but more than blest to find
 All held most dear in equal blessing join'd.

In one, superior majesty appears,
 Advanc'd in beauty, as advanc'd in years.
 What melting sweetness, what commanding grace
 Meet on his brow, like victory and peace ?
 Oh ! to what fav'rite part of human-kind
 Was this so great, but dang'rous gift design'd ?
 What nation humbly cou'd enjoy his reign ;
 If lost, with patience such a loss sustain ?

Ah say Britannia, whence this vengeance flow'd,
 Hast thou not yet aton'd thy martyr's blood ?
 Edward's and Henry's still aloud resound ?
 Now are their names in greater Gloster drown'd ;
 Oh ! what a godlike race in him is lost ?
 What has his death e'en future ages cost ?

But us'd with art, and rightly understood,
 All dispensations from above are good :
 And though with frightful aspect they surprize,
 Most ills are only blessings in disguise.
 Oh happy issue ! to whom ne'er was known
 The bright companions sparkling from a throne ;
 Great parents ! who those bright temptations knew,
 Knowing engag'd, engaging overthrew.

Now, just reward ! celestial crowns enclose
 With deathless glories your victorious brows.

For see the volume vast, since time begun
 Just register of all beneath the sun,
 Is thrown full wide ; peace ocean ! silence hush
 The sounding winds ! ye spheres forbear to roll !
 Hear, O creation, thy great Master speak !
 Now first for guilty man blest angels shake.

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
 From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
 Whether his right hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
 Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd or destroy'd,
 Southern or eastern sceptre downwards hurl'd,
 Gave north or west dominion o'er the world ;
 The point of time, for which the world was built,
 For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
 That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display,
 Brighter than brightness, the distinguish'd day ;
 Less glorious, when of old th' Eternal Son
 From realms of night return'd with trophies won ;
 Thro' heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
 And shouting angels hail'd the Victor God,
 Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
 Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell ;
 A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
 O'er boiling with a mad sulphurous tide,
 Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
 And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.

The son of light scarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer prefs heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares, I tremble as I write ;
The whole creation swims before my sight :
I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow ;
Say not 'tis distant, I behold it now ;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe ;
That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast
In these, or words like these, shall be express.

- ' Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave ?
- ' Ah ! cruel death, that would no longer save,
- ' But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
- ' And cast me out into the wrath of God ;
- ' Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain
- ' And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
- ' Our only song ; black fire's malignant light,
- ' The sole refreshment of the blasted fight.

- ' Must all those pow'rs, heav'n gave me to supply
- ' My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
- ' Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
- ' Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe ?
- ' And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
- ' Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell ?
- ' Oh ! must I look with terror on my gain,
- ' And with existence only measure pain ?

' What

- ‘ What no reprieve, no least indulgence giv’n,
- ‘ No beam of hope from any point of heav’n ?
- ‘ Ah mercy ! mercy ; art thou dead above ?
- ‘ Is love extinguish’d in the source of love ?
- ‘ Bold that I am, did heav’n stoop down to hell ?
- ‘ Th’ expiring Lord of Life my ransom seal ?
- ‘ Have I not been industrious to provoke ?
- ‘ From his embraces obstinately broke ?
- ‘ Pursu’d, and panted for his mortal hate,
- ‘ Earn’d my destruction, labour’d out my fate ?
- ‘ And dare I on extinguish’d love exclaim ?
- ‘ Take, take full vengeance rouse the slack’ning flame,
- ‘ Just is my lot, but, oh ! must it transcend
- ‘ The reach of time, despair a distant end ?
- ‘ With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise
- ‘ Where thought can’t follow, and bold fancy dies !
- ‘ Never ! where falls the soul at that dread sound ?
- ‘ Down an abyss how dark, and how profound ?
- ‘ Down, down (I still am falling, horrid pain !)
- ‘ Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain ;
- ‘ My plunge but still begun, and this for sin ?
- ‘ Cou’d I offend, if I had never been,
- ‘ But still increas’d the senseless happy mass,
- ‘ Flow’d in the stream, or flourish’d in the grass ?
- ‘ Father of mercies ! why from silent earth
- ‘ Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth ?
- ‘ Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night ?
- ‘ And make a thankless present of thy light ?

- ‘ Push into being a reverse of thee,
- ‘ And animate a clod with misery ?
- ‘ The beasts are happy, they come forth and keep
- ‘ Short watch on earth, and then lye down to sleep.
- ‘ Pain is for man ; and oh ! how vast a pain
- ‘ For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain ?
- ‘ Stifled his groans, as far as in them lay,
- ‘ And slung his agonies, and death away ?
- ‘ As our dire punishment for ever strong,
- ‘ Our constitution too for ever young,
- ‘ Curs’d with returns of vigour, still the same,
- ‘ Powerful to bear and satisfy the flame ;
- ‘ Still to be caught, and still to be pursu’d !
- ‘ To perish still, and still to be renew’d !
- ‘ And this my help ! my God ! at thy decree ?
- ‘ Nature is chang’d, and hell should succour me,
- ‘ And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
- ‘ And see me plunging in the dark abyss,
- ‘ Calling thee Father in a sea of fire,
- ‘ Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire ?
- ‘ With mortal’s anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
- ‘ And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim ?
- ‘ Thou who can’st toss the planets too and fro,
- ‘ Contract not thy vengeance to my woe ;
- ‘ Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fallen angels lay ;
- ‘ On me almighty wrath is cast away.
- ‘ Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
- ‘ Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage :

‘ Forget

- ‘ Forget me quite, nor sloop a worm to blame,
- ‘ But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
- ‘ Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
- ‘ And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?
- ‘ Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
- ‘ And from its course turn back omnipotence ?
- ‘ Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great God, at least
- ‘ This one, this slender, almost no request ;
- ‘ When I have wept a thousand lives away,
- ‘ When torment is grown weary of its prey,
- ‘ When I have rav’d ten thousand years in fire,
- ‘ Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire.’

Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul,
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and every loud blaspheming owns
 His justly doom’d to pour eternal groans ;
 Enclos’d with horrors, and transfix’d with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain ;
 To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o’er,
 To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
 And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour’d of their Judge in triumph move
 To take possession of the thrones above ;
 Satan’s accurs’d desertion to supply,
 And fill the vacant stations of the sky ;
 Again to kindle long extinguish’d rays,
 And with new lights dilate the heav’nly blaze ;

To crop the roses of immortal youth,
 And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth ;
 To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
 And lift the voice to their almighty King ;
 To lose eternity in grateful lays,
 And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
 And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain :
 What boldly I begin, let others end ;
 My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
 And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,
 Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
 And nature shrinks at her approaching doom ;
 Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
 Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball ;
 Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
 And darted downward set the world on fire ;
 Black rising clouds the thicken'd æther choke,
 And spiry flames shoot thro' the rolling smoke,
 With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
 And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light ;
 From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
 Angels drive on the winds impetuous course,
 T'enrage the flame ; it spreads, it soars on high,
 Swells in the storm, billows through the sky.

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Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
 Cities and desarts in the ruin blend ;
 Here blazing volumes wasted overwhelm
 The spacious face of a far distant realm :
 There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
 The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hearst thou that dreadful crack, that sound which broke
 Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook ?
 What wonders must that groan of nature tell ?
 Olympus there, and mightier Atlas fell ;
 Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
 A tow'ring monument of God's right hand ;
 Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
 O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

High 'midst the clouds the boiling ocean roars,
 And looks far down on his decreasing shores ;
 Leviathans in plaintive thunder cry,
 In distant dismal pants the long liv'd echoes die.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
 The various rulers of the sever'd ball
 Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
 That land which heav'n seemed diligent to bless.
 Once call'd Britannia ; can her glories end ?
 And can't surrounding seas her realms defend ?
 Alas in flames behold surrounding seas !
 And all their waters but augment the blaze.
 Some angel say, where ran proud Asia's bound,
 Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd ?

Where

Where stretch'd waste Libia; where did India's store
 Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
 Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
 And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
 Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
 And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
 Inhabitants of sea, of earth, or skies;
 All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
 All plunge, and perish in the conquering flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
 Starve its devouring rage: the flames aspire,
 And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their prey;
 The sun, the moon, the stars all melt away,
 And leave a mighty blank: involv'd in flame,
 The whole creation sinks! the glorious frame,
 In which ten thousand worlds, in radiant dance,
 Orb above orb their wond'rous course advance,
 By that o'er-ruling hand; which kindled all
 The stars, and rounded in its palm the ball,
 Is crush'd and lost; no monument, no sign.
 Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
 So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
 So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
 The devastations of one dreadful hour,
 The great Creator's six days work devour.

How rich that God who can such charge defray,
 And bear to fling ten thousand worlds away?

Great

Great wealth ! and yet (ye nations hear !) one soul
 Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole ;
 Exalted in superior excellence,
 Casts down to nothing, such a vast expence.
 Have ye not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
 An earth dissolving, a descending God ?
 What strange surprizes thro' all nature ran ?
 For whom these revolutions, but for man ?
 For him Omnipotence new measures takes,
 For him through all eternity awakes ;
 Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
 Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art.
 Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart ;
 What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
 Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect,
 Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
 And gaze, and wander there a ravish'd guest ;
 Gaze on these hidden treasures, thou shalt find,
 Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind,
 Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
 Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright !
 Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth !
 There, buds the promise of celestial worth !
 Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
 And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.

Then

Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
 What stores, on foreign coasts thy landing wait.
 Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod ;
 Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous God
 Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
 Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky :
 That service done, its beams shall fade away,
 And God shine forth in one Eternal Day.

V A N I T Y.

By Dr. YOUNG.

OH the dark days of vanity ! while here,
 How tasteless ! and how terrible when gone !
 Gone ! they ne'er go ; when past, they haunt us still :
 The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd ;
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
 Nor death nor life delight us. If time past
 And time possess both pain us, what can please ?
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
 Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
 He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

SAPPHO

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

PHAON, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and sailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, harkened to all the mad suggestions of despair; and seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from Leucate, a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in cases of obdurate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the *Lover's Leap*. But before she ventured on this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might be able to reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this epistle; in which she gives a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence; and endeavours, by all the artful insinuations, and moving expressions she is mistress of, to soothe him to softness and a mutual feeling.

ANON.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?

Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?

Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,

The lute neglected, and the lyric muse;

Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,

And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.

I burn,

I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are borne !
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires !
 No more my soul a charm in music finds ;
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine !
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes ?
 The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear ;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare :
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame ;
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame :
 Nymphs that in verse nor mere could rival me,
 Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resound with Sappho's praise.
 Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre,
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire.

To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by Wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
 Though short my stature, yet my name extends
 To Heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
 Brown as I am, an Æthiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
 Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
 But such as merit, but such as equal thine,
 But none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd;
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
 Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,
 For oh! how vast a memory has love?
 My music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd.
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame:
 Why was I born, ye gods, a Lesbian dame?
 Vol. II. 8. E But

But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs ! nor boast
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost ;
 Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd. '

And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains !
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still encrease the woes so soon begun ?
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears :
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
 Ignobly burnt in a destructive flame :
 An infant-daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas, what more could Fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes ?
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow ;
 No more my locks, in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
 Nor braids of gold the vary'd tresses bind,
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind.
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please !
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love :
 So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come ;

For,

For, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,
 Who might not, ah ! who would not be undone ?
 For those Aurora Ceph'alus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy ?
 O useful time for lovers to employ !
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace !
 The vows you never will return, receive ;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears !
 The less my sense, the more my love appears.
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you) ;
 Farewel, my Lesbian love, you might have said ;
 Or coldly thus. Farewel, oh Lesbian maid !
 No tear did you, no parting kifs receive,
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.

E 2

Now

Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood,
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stop't my freezing blood ;
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe :
 But, when its way th'impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound ;
 I rave, then weep ; I curse, and then complain ;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 When first born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears,
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears ;
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
 And, Why this grief ? thy daughter lives, he cries,
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim ;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame !
 'Tis thou art all my care, and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night :
 Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day,
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms !

Then

Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine ;
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine :
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak ;
 A thousand melting kisses give and take :
 Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again :
 Then frantic rise, or like some fury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove,
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains,
 I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rock around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before ;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay ;
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return :
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lye,
 All but the mournful Philomel and I :

With mournful Philonel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters flow,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below :
A flow'ry lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood :
Before my sight a watry virgin flood :
She flood, and cry'd, ' O you that love in vain !

- Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
- There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
- Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;
- There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
- Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
- Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
- In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :
- But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
- Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
- Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
- Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !

She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice, I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove ;
How much I fear ! but ah, how much I love !
I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires ;
Let female fears submit to female fires :

To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate*.
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below !
 And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood prophane !
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
 And this inscription shall be plac'd below.

- ' Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
- ' Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ;
- ' What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee ;
- ' The gift, the giver, and the god agree.'

But why, alas ! relentless youth, ah why
 To distant seas must tender Sappho fly ?
 Thy charms than those may far more pow'ful be,
 And Pœrbus' self is less a god to me.
 Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
 O far more faithless and more hard than they ?
 Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast
 Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom prest ?
 This breast, which once, in vain ! you lik'd so well ;
 Where the loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
 Alas ! the Muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre ;
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.

Ye

To

* See the Plate.

Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string :
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign ;
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine !)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song.
 Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires ;
 But ah ! how fiercely burn the lover's fires ?
 Gods ! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air !
 Oh when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?
 If you return, ah why these long delays ?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon slays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the watry plain :
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales ;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly, (yet ah ! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?)
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas :
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love !

RE-

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE

From a Review of Winter.

By JAMES THOMSON.

'TIS done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictur'd life : pass some few years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see !
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven and earth ! awak'ning nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,

In

In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting as the prospects wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r
 And Wisdom oft arraig'd ; see now the cause
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And died neglected : why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude ; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red mark
 Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distressed !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath's life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

AWIN-

A WINTER PIECE.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,
 And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow
 When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way,
 Press'd her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say :

Oh! cruel was my father, that shut his door on me,
 And cruel was my mother, that such a sight could see ;
 And cruel is the wint'ry wind, that chills my heart with cold,
 But crueller than all, the lad that left my love for gold !

Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breast ;
 Ah, little thinks thy father how sadly we're distressed !
 For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
 He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

Cold, cold, my dearest jewel ! thy little life is gone :
 Oh let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down ;
 My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before they fall
 Ah wretched, wretched mother ! thou'rt now bereft of all.

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted snow ;
 And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her woe :
 She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her side ;
 Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head, and dy'd

SELF-

S E L F - L O V E

By Dr. YOUNG.

WHO venerate themselves, the world despise.
 For what, gay friend ! is this escutcheon'd world,
 Which hangs out death in one eternal night ?
 A night that glooms us in the noon-tide ray.
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
 Life's little stage is a small eminence,
 Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude : we gaze around ;
 We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while
 We sigh we sink, and are what we deplor'd ;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot !
 Is death at distance ? No : he has been on thee ;
 And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
 Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now ?
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd
 In that great deep which nothing disembogues !
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
 The rest are on the wing : How fleet their flight !
 Already has the fatal train took fire ;
 A moment, and the world's blown up to thee ;
 The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

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